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No. 98
JULY... TEN CENTS
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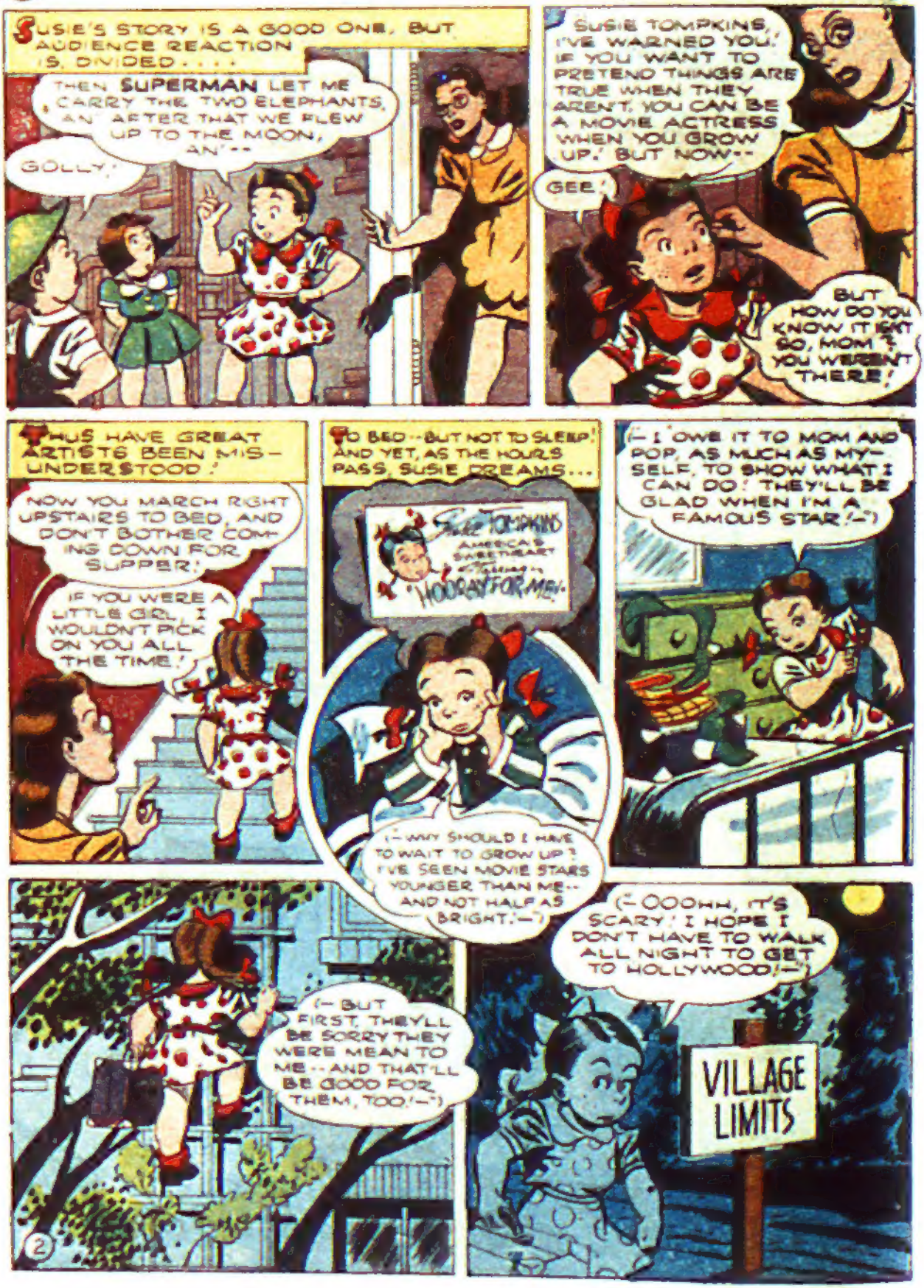
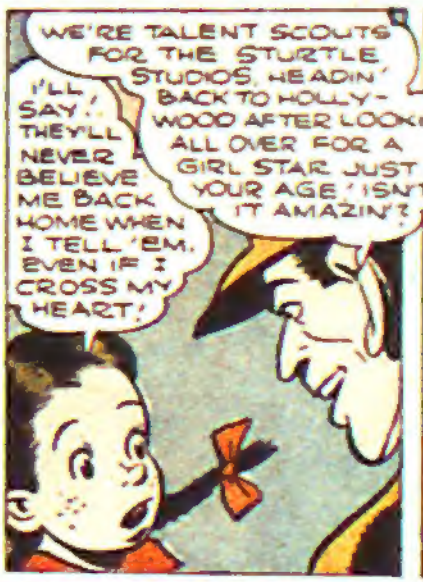
SUPERMAN
by
JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
ALL CHILDREN LIVE PARTLY IN THE WORLD OF IMAGINATION--BUT FEW SO DRAMATICALLY AS LOIS LANE'S PROBLEM-NIECE, SUSIE. THIS TIME A BRAINSTORM OF UNUSUAL VIOLENCE SWEEPS HER WESTWARD IN SEARCH OF THE MAKE-BELIEVE MARVELS OF MOVIELAND, WHERE, SHE IS CONFIDENT, HER UNIQUE TALENTS WILL BE APPRECIATED! AND ODDLY ENOUGH, THEY ARE--WHEN SUPERMAN TAKES THE HERO'S ROLE IN AN AMAZING CROSS-COUNTRY SCENARIO FROM REAL LIFE, FEATURING TALL TALES AND TALLER ADVENTURES, AND--
"Starring Susie!"


SUSIE'S STORY IS A GOOD ONE, BUT AUDIENCE REACTION IS DIVIDED....
THEN SUPERMAN LET ME CARRY THE TWO ELEPHANTS, AN' AFTER THAT WE FLEW UP TO THE MOON, AN'--
GOLLY!
SUSIE TOMPKINS, I'VE WARNED YOU! IF YOU WANT TO PRETEND THINGS ARE TRUE WHEN THEY AREN'T, YOU CAN BE A MOVIE ACTRESS WHEN YOU GROW UP! BUT NOW--
GEE!
BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW IT ISN'T SO, MOM? YOU WEREN'T THERE!
THUS HAVE GREAT ARTISTS BEEN MIS-UNDERSTOOD!
NOW YOU MARCH RIGHT UPSTAIRS TO BED, AND DON'T BOTHER COMING DOWN FOR SUPPER!
IF YOU WERE A LITTLE GIRL, I WOULDN'T PICK ON YOU ALL THE TIME!
TO BED--BUT NOT TO SLEEP! AND YET, AS THE HOURS PASS, SUSIE DREAMS...
SUSIE TOMPKINS AMERICA'S SWEETHEART IN "HOORAY FOR ME!"
(- WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO WAIT TO GROW UP? I'VE SEEN MOVIE STARS YOUNGER THAN ME-- AND NOT HALF AS BRIGHT! -)
(- I OWE IT TO MOM AND POP, AS MUCH AS MYSELF, TO SHOW WHAT I CAN DO! THEY'LL BE GLAD WHEN I'M A FAMOUS STAR! -)
(- BUT FIRST, THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY WERE MEAN TO ME-- AND THAT'LL BE GOOD FOR THEM, TOO! -)
(- OOOHH, IT'S SCARY! I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO WALK ALL NIGHT TO GET TO HOLLYWOOD! -)
VILLAGE LIMITS
2

TWO MILES--FOUR MILES--AND NOW AT LAST SUSIE IS WILLING TO THINK SERIOUSLY OF THIS BOTHERSOME BUSINESS OF SLEEP.
(--MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE WAITED TILL MORNING. MAYBE I'D EVEN GO BACK, IF IT WASN'T SO FAR. MAYBE I CAN REST IN THE BACK OF THAT CAR SOMEBODY LEFT OUT'--)
AND SO--
(--I'LL JUST SIT HERE--AN' STAY AWAKE--) ZZZ-ZZZ-
MINUTES LATER...
OFF THE GROUNDS, YE BOUNDERS, OR I'LL SET THE DOGS ON YE!
SEE WHAT YOU DONE, RED! WE'LL NEVER GET THE RAJAH RUBY FROM OLD MAN WELLAND, WAKIN' UP THE GARDENER!
AW, PIPE DOWN, KNIFE! WE CAN COME BACK! HE THINKS WE'RE JUST A COUPLA TRAMPS!
THINK OF THE OLD GEEZER, SITTIN' THERE WITH A ROCK THAT'D MAKE US RICH FOR LIFE!
ALL HE DOES IS COLLECT JEWELS AND BUILD HOMES FOR ORPHAN KIDS! HE MUST BE CRAZY!
SUDDENLY...
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
SOMEBODY'S HERE!
SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!
OH-H-H! GUNS! YOU MUST BE ROBBERS!
SO HELP ME, IT'S A KID!
WHAT A RELIEF!
ROBBERS, SHE SAYS! SISTER, THAT'S WHAT I THINK YOU ARE! I'M GONNA HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR BREAKING INTO OUR CAR!
I AM NOT! I'M A MOVIE STAR--ALMOST! I'M ON MY WAY TO HOLLYWOOD!
3

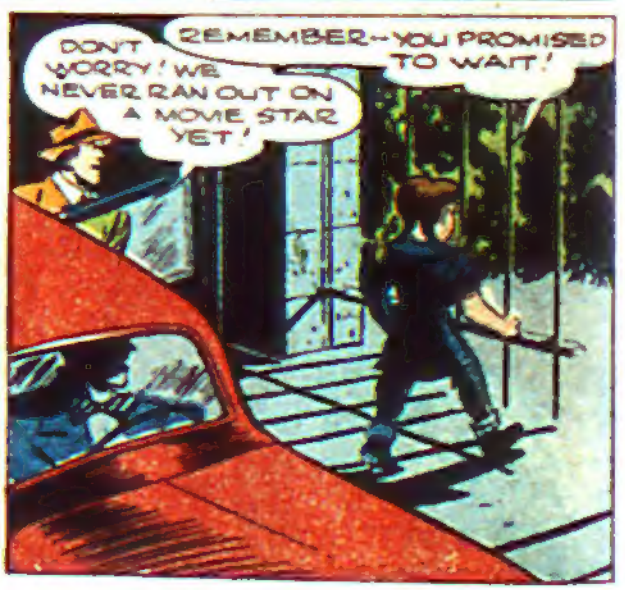
EVERY WOMAN, BIG OR LITTLE, KNOWS INSTINCTIVELY THAT THERE IS A TIME WHEN NOTHING DISARMS MASCULINE CRITICISM AS EFFECTIVELY AS TEARS...

Y-YOU WOULDN'T BE M-MEAN ENOUGH TO SEND A P-POOR LITTLE ORPHAN G-GIRL--(SNIFF) --WITHOUT ANY P-PAPA OR M-MAMA--(SOB) --TO JAIL!
(SNIFF) SHE'S BREAKING MY HEART!
SHE'S GIVIN' ME AN IDEA!

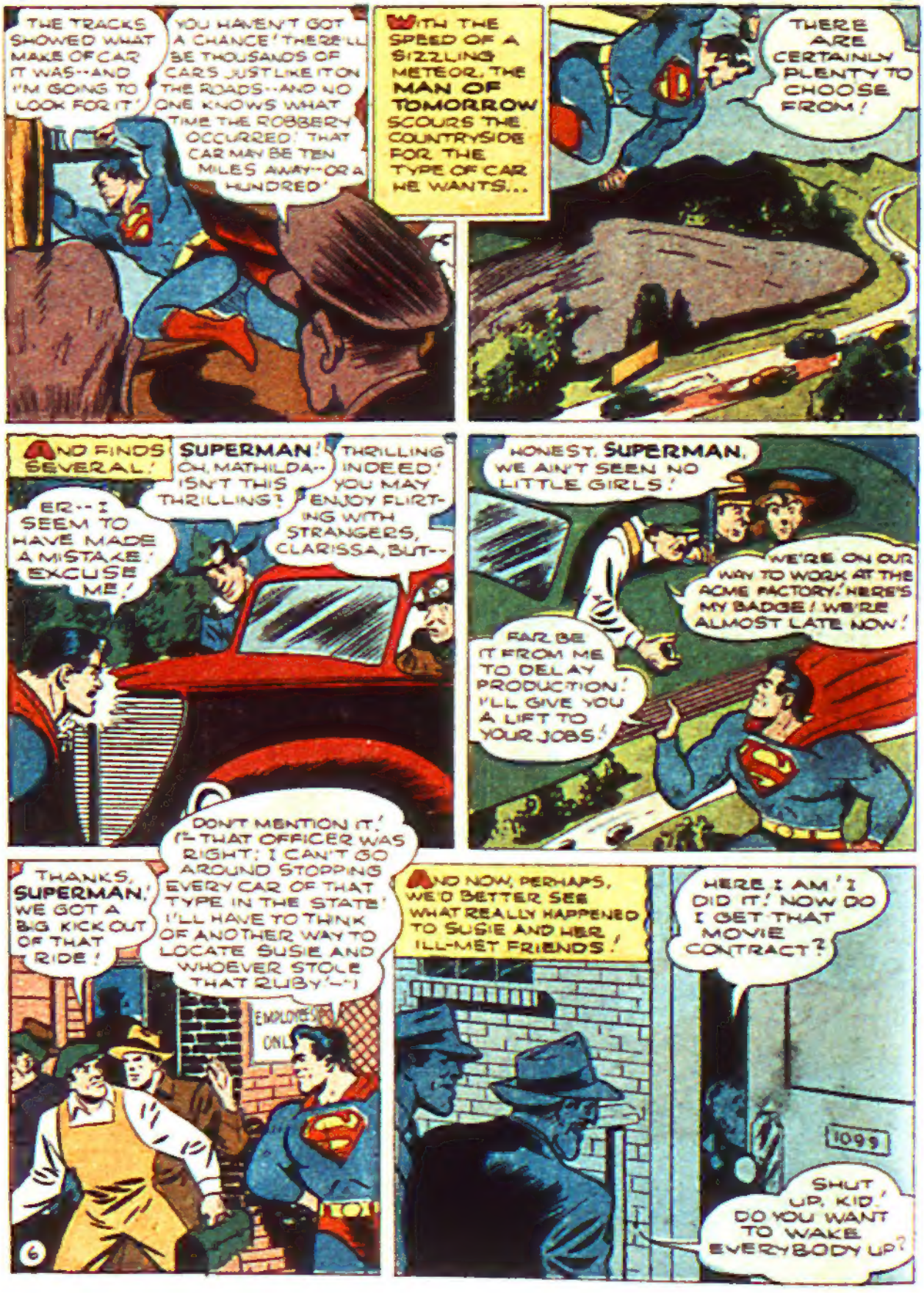

WE'RE TALENT SCOUTS FOR THE STURTLE STUDIOS, HEADIN' BACK TO HOLLY-WOOD AFTER LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR A GIRL STAR JUST YOUR AGE! ISN'T IT AMAZIN'?
I'LL SAY! THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME BACK HOME WHEN I TELL 'EM, EVEN IF I CROSS MY HEART!

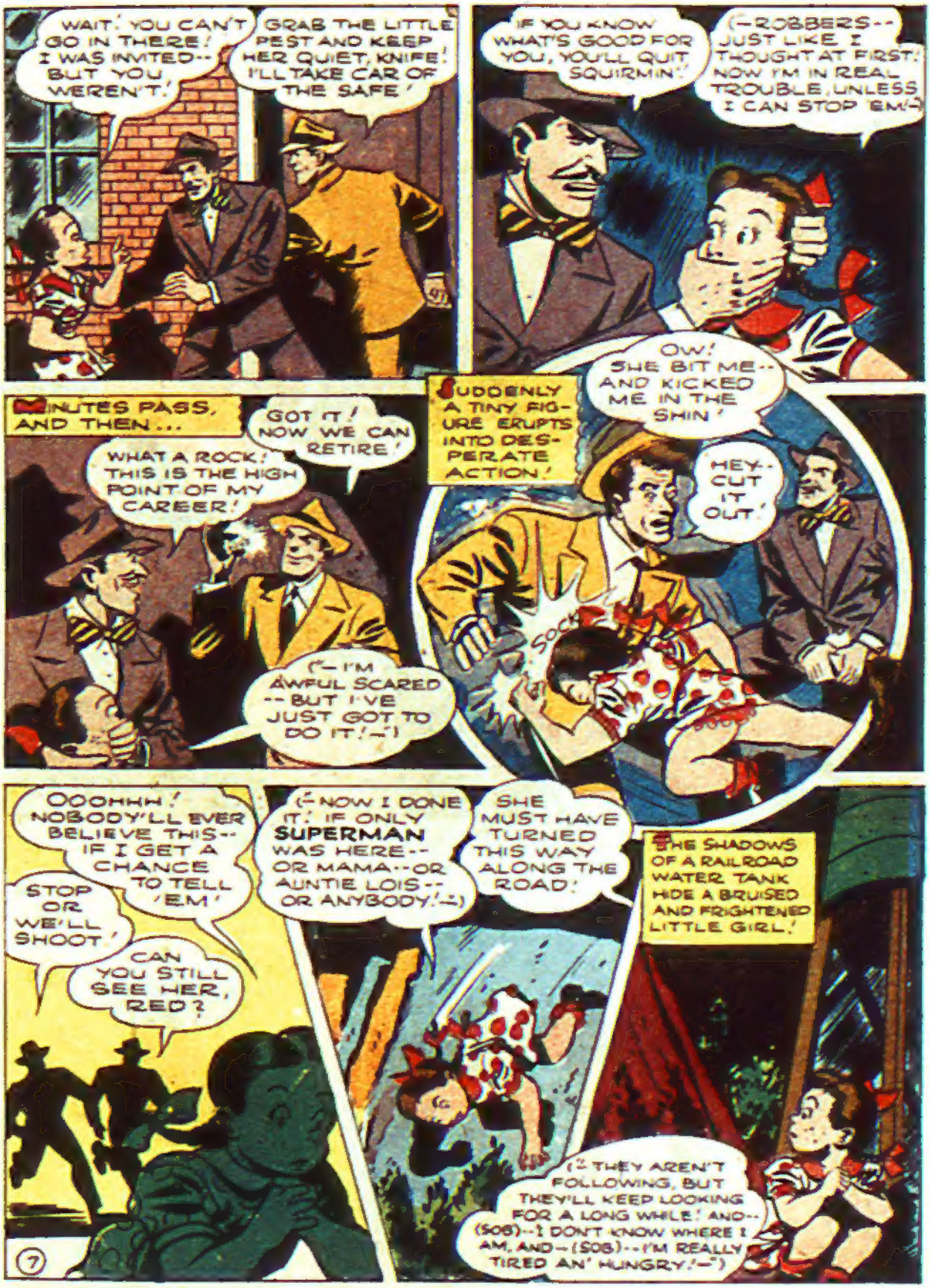
WE GOT A CONTRACT FOR YOU, IF YOU CAN PROVE YOU CAN ACT SO AS TO CONVINCE PEOPLE
HONEST I CAN CONVINCE PEOPLE OF THINGS THAT WOULD SURPRISE YOU! SOME PEOPLE, THAT IS...

I'VE GOT IT! GO UP TO THAT BIG HOUSE AND TELL THE MAN ABOUT BEING AN ORPHAN, AND HUNGRY AND TIRED! MAKE IT GOOD ENOUGH SO HE TAKES YOU IN!
THEN, WHEN EVERYBODY IS ASLEEP, SNEAK OUT THE BACK DOOR! WE'LL BE WAITIN' TO START RIGHT OUT FOR HOLLYWOOD!
4



EARLY NEXT DAY, IN THE NEWSROOM OF THE METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET.
SUSIE RAN AWAY FROM HOME LAST NIGHT, CLARK! I JUST HAD A MESSAGE FROM HER MOTHER!
YOU MEAN, THAT LITTLE NIECE OF YOURS WITH THE BIG IMAGINATION? GOOD HEAVENS-- WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
ONE OF YOU GET BUSY ON THIS! THE RAJAH RUBY WAS STOLEN FROM GEORGE WELLAND LAST NIGHT-- AND THEY'RE BLAMING A LITTLE GIRL WHO CAME IN THE NIGHT WITH SOME TALL STORY OF BEING A HOMELESS ORPHAN!
WHAT!
WELLAND'S PLACE IS RIGHT NEAR THE VILLAGE WHERE SUSIE LIVES! I'LL TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT, MR WHITE!
(--IF I CAN GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT WHITE NOTICING, SUPERMAN WILL TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT TOO!--)
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
NO TELLING WHAT TROUBLE THAT YOUNGSTER HAS GOT INTO--OR WILL GET INTO, IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE IN A HURRY!
AT THE WELLAND HOME...
SHE SEEMED SUCH A SWEET, PATHETIC LITTLE GIRL! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SHE WOULD OPEN MY WALL SAFE LIKE A SEASONED CRIMINAL AND STEAL MY CHIEF TREASURE!
IT DOESN'T SOUND REASONABLE, MR. WELLAND-- BUT WE SEE SOME FUNNY THINGS IN OUR BUSINESS!
THIS SOUNDS FUNNY ENOUGH TO BE A JOB FOR SUPERMAN!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO EAVESDROP--BUT DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?
SUPERMAN!
I'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING IF YOU'LL FIND THE RAJAH RUBY, SUPERMAN! I WON'T EVEN PROSECUTE THE LITTLE GIRL!
I'M NOT SO SURE IT WAS SHE! I NOTICED FRESH AUTOMOBILE TRACKS--NOT MADE BY ANY OF YOUR CARS OR THE POLICE CARS--AS I CAME PAST YOUR FRONT GATE!
5


THE TRACKS SHOWED WHAT MAKE OF CAR IT WAS--AND I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR IT!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! THERE'LL BE THOUSANDS OF CARS JUST LIKE IT ON THE ROADS--AND NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TIME THE ROBBERY OCCURRED! THAT CAR MAY BE TEN MILES AWAY--OR A HUNDRED!
WITH THE SPEED OF A SIZZLING METEOR, THE MAN OF TOMORROW SCOURS THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR THE TYPE OF CAR HE WANTS...
THERE ARE CERTAINLY PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM!
AND FINDS SEVERAL!
SUPERMAN! OH, MATHILDA--ISN'T THIS THRILLING?
THRILLING INDEED! YOU MAY ENJOY FLIRTING WITH STRANGERS, CLARISSA, BUT--
ER--I SEEM TO HAVE MADE A MISTAKE! EXCUSE ME!
HONEST, SUPERMAN, WE AIN'T SEEN NO LITTLE GIRLS!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO WORK AT THE ACME FACTORY! HERE'S MY BADGE! WE'RE ALMOST LATE NOW!
FAR BE IT FROM ME TO DELAY PRODUCTION! I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT TO YOUR JOBS!
THANKS, SUPERMAN! WE GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF THAT RIDE!
DON'T MENTION IT! (THAT OFFICER WAS RIGHT! I CAN'T GO AROUND STOPPING EVERY CAR OF THAT TYPE IN THE STATE! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF ANOTHER WAY TO LOCATE SUSIE AND WHOEVER STOLE THAT RUBY!--)
EMPLOYEES ONLY
TOY
6
AND NOW, PERHAPS, WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO SUSIE AND HER ILL-MET FRIENDS!
HERE I AM! I DID IT! NOW DO I GET THAT MOVIE CONTRACT?
1099
SHUT UP, KID! DO YOU WANT TO WAKE EVERYBODY UP?


WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! I WAS INVITED-- BUT YOU WEREN'T!
GRAB THE LITTLE PEST AND KEEP HER QUIET, KNIFE! I'LL TAKE CAR OF THE SAFE!
IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL QUIT SQUIRMIN'!
(--ROBBERS-- JUST LIKE I THOUGHT AT FIRST! NOW I'M IN REAL TROUBLE, UNLESS I CAN STOP 'EM!--)
OW! SHE BIT ME-- AND KICKED ME IN THE SHIN!
HEY-- CUT IT OUT!
SUDDENLY A TINY FIGURE ERUPTS INTO DESPERATE ACTION!
SOCK
MINUTES PASS, AND THEN...
GOT IT! NOW WE CAN RETIRE!
WHAT A ROCK! THIS IS THE HIGH POINT OF MY CAREER!
(--I'M AWFUL SCARED -- BUT I'VE JUST GOT TO DO IT!--)
OOOHHH! NOBODY'LL EVER BELIEVE THIS-- IF I GET A CHANCE TO TELL 'EM!
STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!
CAN YOU STILL SEE HER, RED?
(--NOW I DONE IT! IF ONLY SUPERMAN WAS HERE-- OR MAMA--OR AUNTIE LOIS-- OR ANYBODY!--)
SHE MUST HAVE TURNED THIS WAY ALONG THE ROAD!
THE SHADOWS OF A RAILROAD WATER TANK HIDE A BRUISED AND FRIGHTENED LITTLE GIRL!
(--THEY AREN'T FOLLOWING, BUT THEY'LL KEEP LOOKING FOR A LONG WHILE! AND-- (SOB)--I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, AND-- (SOB)--I'M REALLY TIRED AN' HUNGRY!--)
7

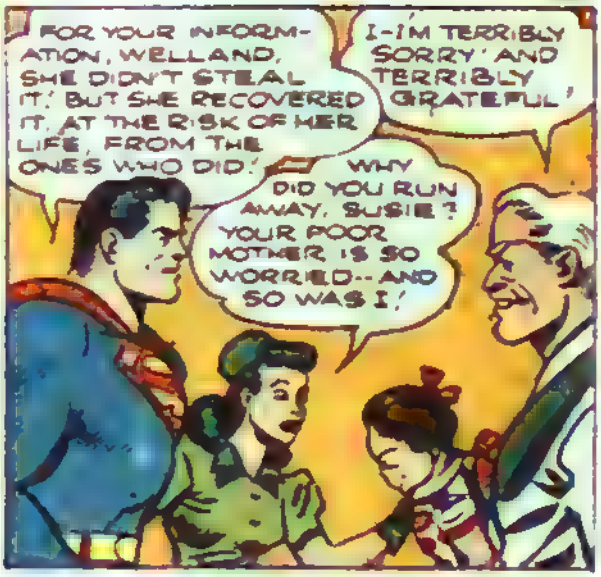
DAWN BRINGS A PASSENGER TRAIN TO THE WATER TANK...
999
INSTEAD OF TAKIN' WATER ON THE FLY THIS TRIP I'M GOIN TO CHECK THAT PISTON CONNECTION ONCE MORE!
MIGHT AS WELL! WE'RE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!
GOSH - A LITTLE GIRL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?
PLEASE, MR. ENGINEER -- I'M A POOR LITTLE ORPHAN THAT'S LOST --(SOB)-- AND I WANT TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD --(SOB)- TO BE A MOVIE STAR!
WELL, LITTLE GIRL, I DON'T WHEEL THIS BOILER AS FAR AS HOLLYWOOD -- BUT I'LL RIDE YOU IN THE CAB TO THE NEXT TOWN! FOLKS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU THERE!
G-GOLLY-- I ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE IN AN ENGINE!
AND ATOP THE RAILROAD EMBANKMENT...
IT'S NO USE! WE HUNTED ALL NIGHT! WE BETTER BEAT IT BEFORE THE COPS SHOW UP!
LOOK!
WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE GOT AGAINST A TRAIN? WE BETTER GIVE IT UP, RED!
NOT ME! WITH ALL THAT MONEY ABOARD THE LOCOMOTIVE I'M HEADIN' FOR THE OTHER END OF A TUNNEL UP AHEAD! WE CAN BEAT THE TRAIN THERE EASY IN THE CAR!
8
PRESENTLY...
BUT IF WE BLOCK THE TUNNEL, WON'T THE ENGINEER NOTICE IT IN TIME TO STOP?
NOT THIS TUNNEL! COMIN' THROUGH FROM THE OTHER END, YOU CAN'T SEE A THING AT THIS END TILL IT'S TOO LATE!
THERE SHE GOES - BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF KILLIN' ALL THOSE PEOPLE!
NEITHER DO I - BUT WE WANT TO BE RICH, DON'T WE? IN OUR RACKET, A GUY CAN'T BE SQUEAMISH AND RICH AT THE SAME TIME!
BOOM

IT'S FUN! COULD I BE AN ENGINEER INSTEAD OF A MOVIE STAR, DO YOU THINK?
THE WAY WOMEN ARE HANDLIN' MEN'S JOBS EVERYWHERE ELSE, YOUNGSTER, I WOULDN'T BE A MITE SURPRISED!
OOOHHHH-- A TUNNEL! WHY IS IT SO DARK AHEAD? ISN'T THERE ANY OTHER END?
WAIT TILL WE GET AROUND THE CURVE IN THE MIDDLE AND, YOU'LL SEE
MEANWHILE..
WHAT'S THIS? BLASTING AT ONE END OF A TUNNEL, WHEN A TRAIN JUST ENTERED THE OTHER END? I'D BETTER USE MY X-RAY VISION ON THIS!
BOOM!
GREAT SCOTT--THE TRAIN WILL HIT THAT PILE OF ROCKS IN ANOTHER SECOND! AND THE ENGINEER CAN'T POSSIBLY SEE THE DANGER IN TIME TO DO ANYTHING!
A FLASHING ROCKET OF MERCY, SUPERMAN PLUNGES WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT TO SAVE THE LIVES OF SCORES!
(I-GOT TO GET AHEAD OF THE TRAIN INSIDE OF THE TUNNEL! NO TIME TO CLEAR THE TRACK FROM THE OTHER END!-)
(-THE CONDUCTOR WON'T MIND MY RIDING FREE WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!-)

LOOK, MAMA - SUPERMAN!
YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS JOHNNY NO ONE'S THERE
WHERE'S THAT BREEZE COMING FROM?
NOW HOW DID THAT FORWARD DOOR GET OPEN SO FAST?
AND IN THE ENGINEER'S CAB...
WHAT ARE ALL THOSE STONES PILED AHEAD OF US FOR?
WHAT! GOOD GRIEF! TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
DO YOU MEAN, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT, MR. ENGINEER? WILL PEOPLE BE HURT?
IF ONLY I'D LEFT YOU BACK WHERE I FOUND YOU, LITTLE GIRL! THEN YOU WOULDN'T BE IN IT WITH THE REST OF US.
FOR ONE FLEETING INSTANT, DEATH SEEMS INEVITABLE! AND THEN--
CRASH
FORTY YEARS WITHOUT A WRECK-- AND NOW--
WE MUST HAVE BEEN SEEING THINGS! LOOK--THERE ISN'T ANYTHING AHEAD OF US!

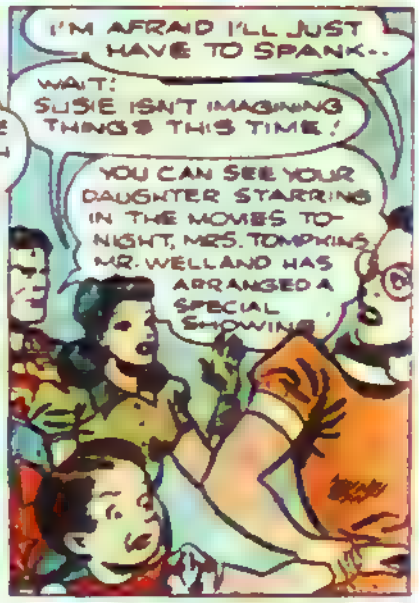
TWO OTHERS SEE THE MIRACULOUS RESCUE--AND CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES!
SUPERMAN! BUT IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!
POSSIBLE OR NOT, I'M LEAVIN'!
AND AS THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A JOLTING HALT, ITS BRAKES SET TIGHT...
NO WONDER LOOK--IT'S MY FRIEND SUPERMAN!
WELL SO IT IS AND SOMETHIN' TELLS ME HE'S JUST BEEN THE FRIEND OF A LOT MORE PEOPLE THAN YOU
NO USE RUNNING! SAVE YOUR BREATH TO EXPLAIN TO THE LAW WHY YOU WANTED TO WRECK A TRAIN AND KILL ALL THOSE PEOPLE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
THEY'RE THE ONES THEY STOLE MR WELLAND'S RUBY--AND I STOLE IT FROM THEM--AND THEY CHASED ME!
SUSIE!
DO SOMETHIN SUPERMAN PLEASE!
SEE, SUPERMAN--HERE IT IS! I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT BACK TO MR. WELLAND--BUT THEY CHASED ME!
YOU BET I'LL DO SOMETHING--AND SO WILL THE JUDGE WHEN THE TIME COMES TO SENTENCE YOU!
AND AT THE WELLAND HOME, WHERE LOIS HAS FINALLY ARRIVED WITH OTHER REPORTERS AND NEWSREEL CAMERAMEN...
IT'S RIDICULOUS! HOW COULD A LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT OPEN A SAFE AND ROB IT?
WE'RE NOT SAYING SHE DID IT ALONE, MISS LANE BUT IF SHE WAS ONLY AN ACCOMPLICE, THAT MAKES IT JUST AS BAD

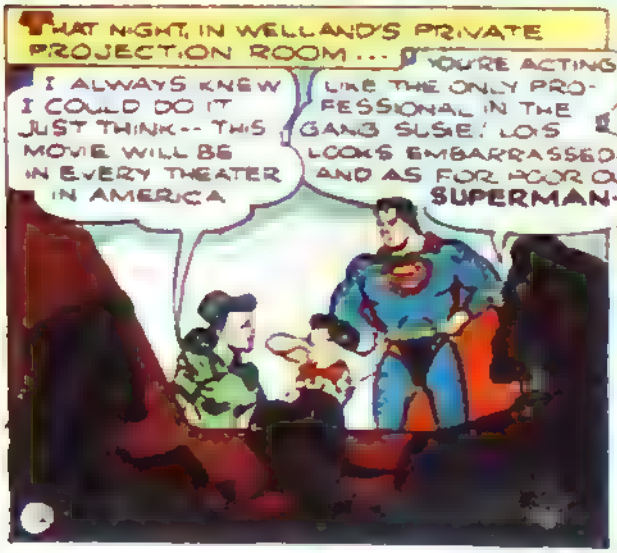
A MOMENT LATER...
AUNT LOIS!
SUSIE!... SUPERMAN!
THE RAJAH RUBY! THIS PROVES SHE STOLE IT!

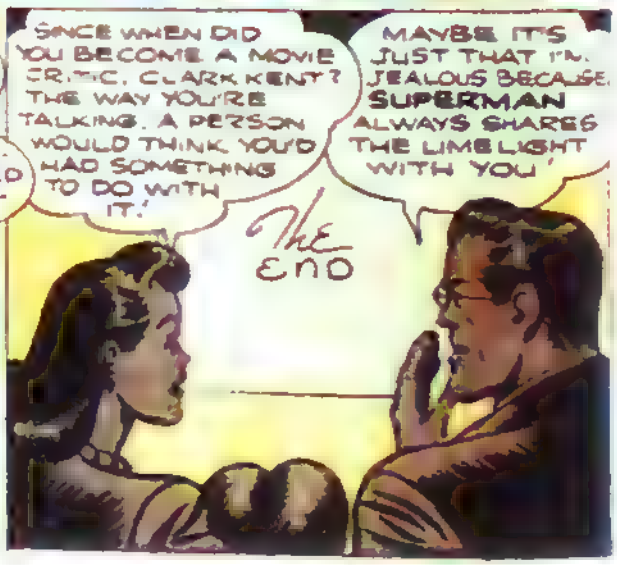

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, WELLAND, SHE DIDN'T STEAL IT! BUT SHE RECOVERED IT, AT THE RISK OF HER LIFE, FROM THE ONES WHO DID!
I-I'M TERRIBLY SORRY! AND TERRIBLY GRATEFUL!
WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY, SUSIE? YOUR POOR MOTHER IS SO WORRIED--AND SO WAS I!

I WANTED TO BE A MOVIE STAR!--(SOB)--TH-THAT'S WHAT M-MAMA-(SOB)--SAID I OUGHT TO BE
SEEMS YOU'RE GETTING YOUR WISH, SUSIE!
HOLD IT! THIS IS GOOD!

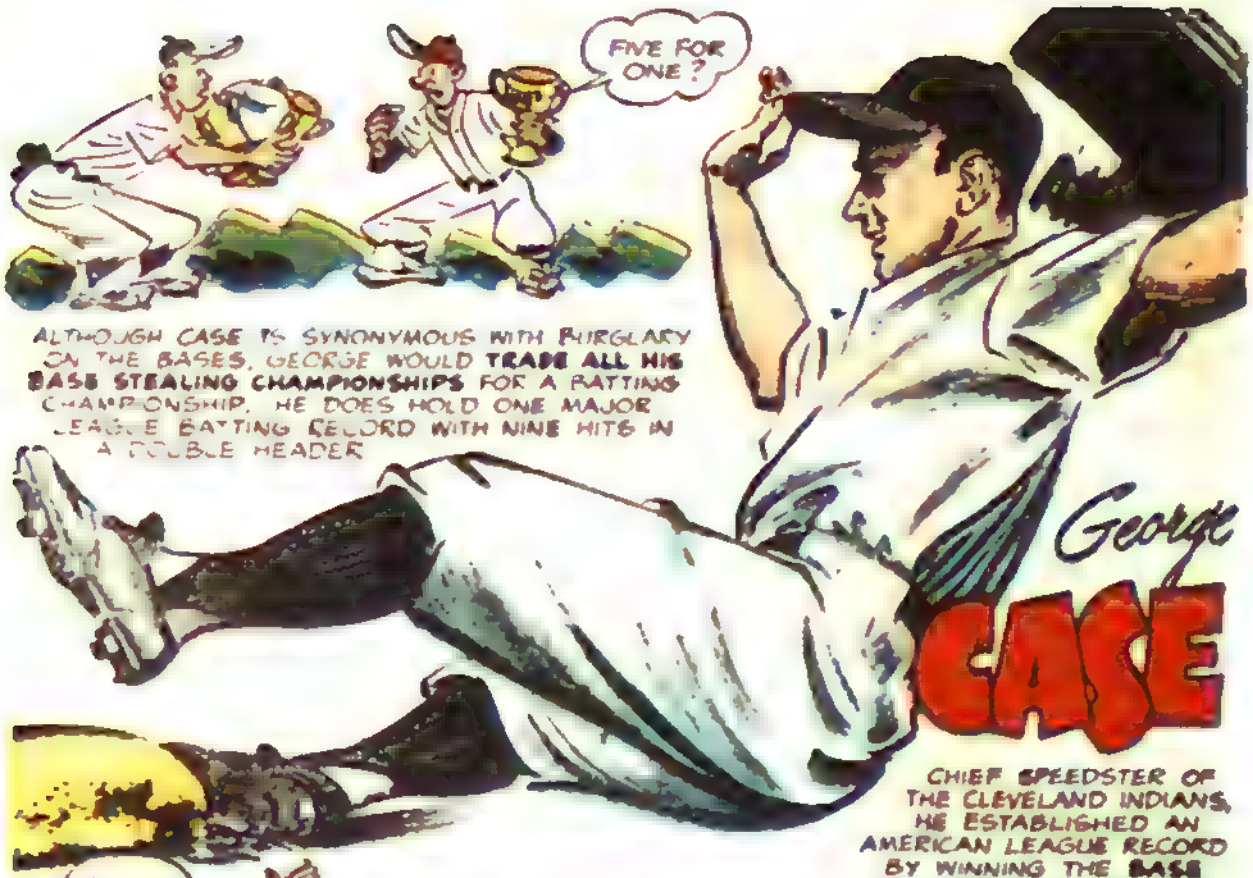
AND NOW--THE HOMECOMING!
MAMA! I'M HOME! I CAUGHT TWO BAD MEN WHO STOLE A RUBY--AND WAS A HEROINE-AND GOT IN THE MOVIES--AND--
SUSIE! THANK GOODNESS!..BUT THERE YOU GO WITH THOSE WILD STORIES AGAIN!


I'M AFRAID I'LL JUST HAVE TO SPANK--
WAIT! SUSIE ISN'T IMAGINING THINGS THIS TIME!
YOU CAN SEE YOUR DAUGHTER STARRING IN THE MOVIES TONIGHT, MRS. TOMPKINS! MR. WELLAND HAS ARRANGED A SPECIAL SHOWING!


THAT NIGHT, IN WELLAND'S PRIVATE PROJECTION ROOM...
I ALWAYS KNEW I COULD DO IT! JUST THINK--THIS MOVIE WILL BE IN EVERY THEATER IN AMERICA!
YOU'RE ACTING LIKE THE ONLY PROFESSIONAL IN THE GANG, SUSIE! LOIS LOOKS EMBARRASSED..AND AS FOR POOR OLD SUPERMAN--


SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME A MOVIE CRITIC, CLARK KENT? THE WAY YOU'RE TALKING, A PERSON WOULD THINK YOU'D HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!
MAYBE IT'S JUST THAT I'M JEALOUS BECAUSE SUPERMAN ALWAYS SHARES THE LIMELIGHT WITH YOU!
THE END

"PEPSI"... THE PEPSI-COLA COAC
GURP!
!
HELP!
HELP!! BOZO'S ESCAPING!
CATCH HIM! STOP HIM! HELP!
GOSH, PETE! HE DON'T EVEN FEEL THIS! WOT A THICK SKULL!
WHACK!
JUST LIKE TH' CHIEF'S SKULL, EH PEPSI!
HOLY MACKEREL! WOT A HIDE!! BULLETS ONLY TICKLE THIS GORILLA! AIN'T THERE NUTHIN' THAT'LL STOP HIM?
SAVE SOME FER ME, PEPSI!
WHEW! THIS JOB CALLS FOR A QUICK PEPSI-COLA!
WHEN TH' GOING'S TOUGH AND YOU'VE LOTS TO DO PEPSI-COLA IS THE DRINK FOR YOU!
OH BOY! I FEEL AN IDEA COMING ON!
HEY, PETE! WIGGLE YOUR EARS SO I WON'T SOCK TH' WRONG MONKEY!
Copyright 1946 Pepsi Cola Company
KLUNK!
WOW! YOU'RE PRACTICALLY A ONE-MAN ATOMIC BOMB, PEPSI!
THANKS A MILLION! NOW WHAT SORT OF REWARD CAN I GIVE YOU BOYS?
REWARD?
BROTHER, WE'LL SETTLE FOR A CASE OF PEPSI-COLA!
PEPSI SEZ:
WHEN YOU WRESTLE WITH A MONKEY OUTTA THIRST JUST CALL FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!



ALTHOUGH CASE IS SYNONYMOUS WITH PURGLARY ON THE BASES, GEORGE WOULD **TRADE ALL HIS BASE STEALING CHAMPIONSHIPS** FOR A BATTING CHAMPIONSHIP. HE DOES HOLD ONE MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD WITH NINE HITS IN A DOUBLE HEADER

CHIEF SPEEDSTER OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS, HE ESTABLISHED AN AMERICAN LEAGUE RECORD BY WINNING THE **BASE STEALING CHAMPIONSHIP FIVE CONSECUTIVE YEARS**

CLOCKED BY AAU OFFICIALS CASE RAN THE BASE PATHS IN 13.5 TRAVELING THE 100 YARD DASH AT THIS SAME PACE, HE COULD **STAY WITH MOST SPRINTERS** – MIGHT **EVEN** STEAL A TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP

"WHEATIES HAVE BEEN MY DISH 4 OR 5 TIMES A WEEK FOR ABOUT 12 YEARS," SAYS CHAMPION GEORGE CASE. "THOSE GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES GIVE ME VALUABLE NOURISHMENT AND THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR GIVES ME PLENTY OF PLEASURE. MY WHOLE FAMILY CHIMES IN WHEN I SAY – **WHEATIES JUST CAN'T BE BEAT**"

BIG LEAGUE TIPS ON BASE RUNNING BY CHAMPION GEORGE CASE IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION? (THE OFFENSIVE GAME) EDITED BY ETHAN ALLEN WATCH BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS **NEW** LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOK **BE SURE** TO GET YOUR COPY!

HAYFOOT HENRY

WAS IT A CRIME OR WAS IT QUITE JUST, THE AFFAIR THAT GOT THE CHEF SO FUSSED? IT'S UP TO HENRY TO MAKE THE DECISION WHETHER OR NOT THE BEARD'S EXCISION WAS AN ACT THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUNISHED WITH JAIL EVEN AS A RHYME MAKES HIM WEEP AND WAIL BECAUSE OF THE LEXICON TO WHICH HE'S A SLAVE. FOR THE STARTLING SOLUTION, READ: "A VERY CLOSE SHAVE!"

OH, EBENEZER FRY IS A VERY GRAND CHEF, BUT TO COMPLIMENTS ON COOKING HE IS THOROUGHLY DEAF. HIS TRUE PRIDE AND JOY IS HIS WONDERFUL BEARD WHICH HE TREASURES SO HIGHLY, IT'S ACTUALLY WEIRD!

M-M M-M AH!

OUR STORY BEGINS AS THIS NEXT PICTURE SHOWS, WITH FRY AND THE BARBER ALMOST COMING TO BLOWS.

I MAINTAIN THAT YOUR TRADE IS OBSOLETE! ALL MEN SHOULD WEAR BEARDS! YOU'RE A LAD AND A CHEAT!

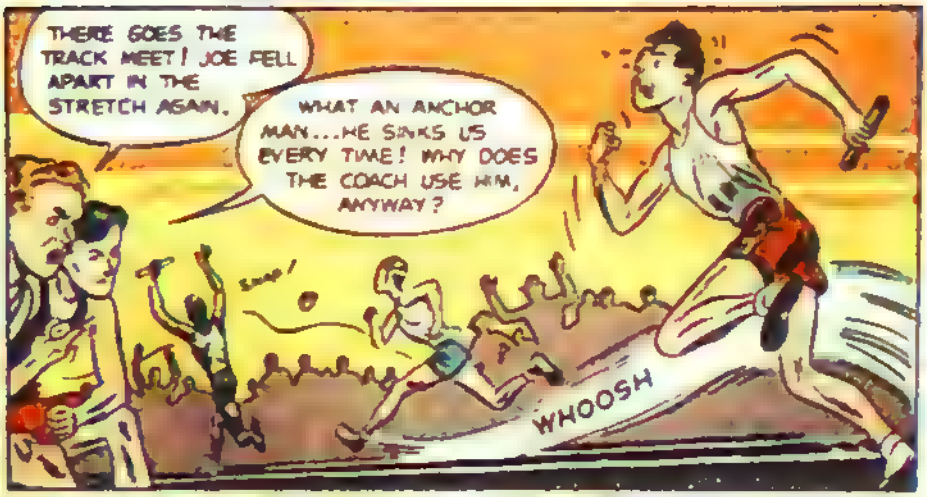
A BEARD IS ABSURD IN THIS MODERN AGE. YOU LOOK SO INHUMAN, YOU BELONG IN A CAGE!

HEAR--HEAR--I'VE TROUBLES ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU TWO GETTING SO TOUGH!
WITH HIS BEARD PROPAGANDA MY BUSINESS HE'LL WRECK.
HE SAYS I WEAR A BEARD TO HIDE A DIRTY NECK!
COME COME FELLOWS. PLEASE TONE DOWN. DON'T YOU KNOW ROYALTY IS COMING TO TOWN?
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? ROYALTY? THAT MEANS I'LL COOK MY SPECIALTY! THEY'RE CERTAIN TO EAT AT THE PLACE I WORK. IT'S TOO EXCLUSIVE FOR THEM TO SHIRK.
SNAP!
WHILE AT THE RESTAURANT WE SEE FRY'S BOSS TERRIBLY WORRIED AND AT A LOSS:
FRY'S A FINE CHEF BOSS SO WHY ARE YOU TWITCHIN?
BECAUSE THE DUKE NEVER EATS WITHOUT INSPECTING THE KITCHEN!
NOW LET US ADVANCE OUR TALE A BIT AND VISIT HENRY TO SEE HIM FLIT FROM WORD TO WORD IN SEARCH OF A RHYME, FOR THAT IS HOW HE SPENDS HIS SPARE TIME.
"PYRAMID" SIMPLY HAS NO RHYME! I SHOULDN'T HAVE WASTED ALL THIS TIME! WELCOMING THE DUKE WAS NOT CONDUSIVE TO FINDING A RHYME THAT'S SO ELUSIVE!
22

IN THE BEST HOTEL HE SAID HE COULDN'T SLEEP IN PEACE BECAUSE THERE WERE NO MATTRESSES THAT DIDN'T HAVE A CREASE. THAT DUKE IS A NUISANCE AND-- HUH! WHO'S THERE? IT SEEMS I NEVER GET A MOMENT TO SPARE!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
I DEMAND JUSTICE! I DEMAND THE VILLAIN'S HEAD. DO SOMETHING QUICK! BUT GET HIM ALIVE OR DEAD!
I BEG YOUR PARDON BUT ARE WE ACQUAINTED? HAVE WE EVER MET PRIOR TO THIS CRIME SO VAGUELY PAINTED?
OF COURSE, YOU FOOL, IT HAPPENED AS I SLEPT! INTO MY ROOM SOME VILE VILLAIN CREPT AND WHILE PLEASANT DREAMS MY SLUMBER CHEERED THIS MONSTER SLYLY SHAVED OFF MY BEARD!
EBENEZER FRY! OH MY! OH MY!
FRY OLD BOY THE VILLAIN IS PLAIN. WHO ELSE BUT THE BARBER HAD ANYTHING TO GAIN?
THEN THROW HIM IN JAIL TILL WITH AGE HE GROWS DIM OR I'LL PERSONALLY TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB!
YOU'VE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF YOUR POSITION BY SHAVING A MAN WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION!
WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS? I'VE HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE SHAVING THAT FINICKY DUKE'S FACIAL STUBBLE!
HE ACTS INNOCENT! I MIGHT BE MISTAKEN! AND THAT FINICKY DUKE A NEW THOUGHT DOES AWAKEN! INDEED THAT'S IT! I'M ON THE WRONG TRAIL! IT'S NOT THE BARBER WHO SHOULD BE IN JAIL!

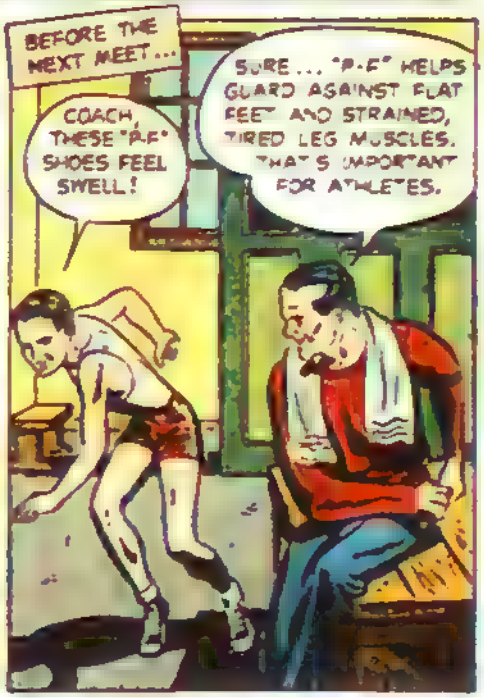
AT THE PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT OF THE SHORN COOK, HENRY SEEKS THE RAZOR-WIELDING CROOK!
IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW. ON ACCOUNT OF THE DUKE WHO YOU FEARED WOULD WALK OUT WITH A STERN REBUKE, OR FOR ALL YOU KNEW HE MIGHT HAVE EVEN SUED WHEN HE SAW YOUR CHEF'S BEARD DANGLING IN THE FOOD.
ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS BEARD SO TOUCHY WAS FRY, WHEN I CALLED IT UNHYGIENIC, HE SOCKED ME WITH A PIE. I HAD TO SHAVE IT OFF. WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? ARREST ME IF YOU MUST BUT SHOW SOME PITY, TOO.
BUT I CAN'T ARREST YOU FOR WHAT THE LAW ITSELF DIRECTS TO BEARDS IN FOOD. THE BOARD OF HEALTH OBJECTS.
WELL THAT'S A RELIEF. A LOAD OFF MY MIND. THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS IS TOUGH ENOUGH, I FIND.
I'D GLADLY SELL OUT IF I COULD GET MY PRICE. TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD SET ME UP NICE. BUT ARE THERE ANY TAKERS? DO I HEAR A BID?
EUREKA--THAT'S IT! MY RHYME FOR PYRAMID!
HEAR A BID! PYRAMID! OF MUCH TROUBLE MY MIND IS RID. BUT HEREAFTER TAKE YOUR TROUBLES TO THE LAW, INSTEAD OF EXPOSING A MAN'S LOWER JAW!
THE END
4

JOE FELL APART IN THE STRETCH UNTIL...


THERE GOES THE TRACK MEET! JOE FELL APART IN THE STRETCH AGAIN.
WHAT AN ANCHOR MAN...HE SINKS US EVERY TIME! WHY DOES THE COACH USE HIM, ANYWAY?
WHOOSH

I GAVE ALL I HAD, COACH, BUT IT FELT LIKE I HAD ON SNOW-SHOES WHEN I HIT THE STRETCH.
I'VE A HUNCH THAT CANVAS SHOES WITH "P-F" WOULD HELP.

"P-F"... WHAT'S THAT?
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION. IT'S A BUILT-IN FEATURE THAT KEEPS BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION THAT WAY YOU DON'T TIRE SO QUICKLY!


BEFORE THE NEXT MEET...
COACH, THESE "P-F" SHOES FEEL SWELL!
SURE... "P-F" HELPS GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET AND STRAINED, TIRED LEG MUSCLES. THAT'S IMPORTANT FOR ATHLETES.

HOW "P-F" PROTECTS FEET...

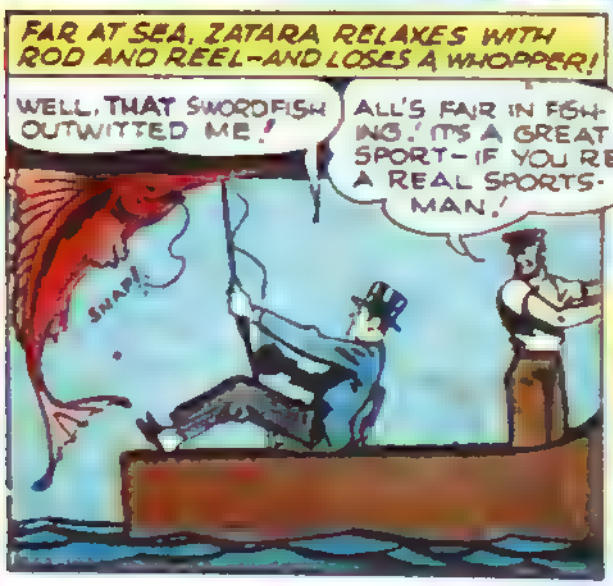
1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

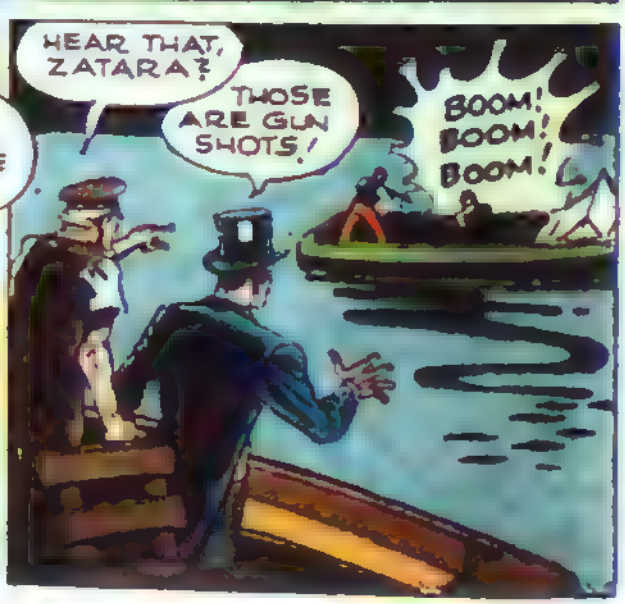
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION—A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B. F. Goodrich or HOOD RUBBER CO.

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

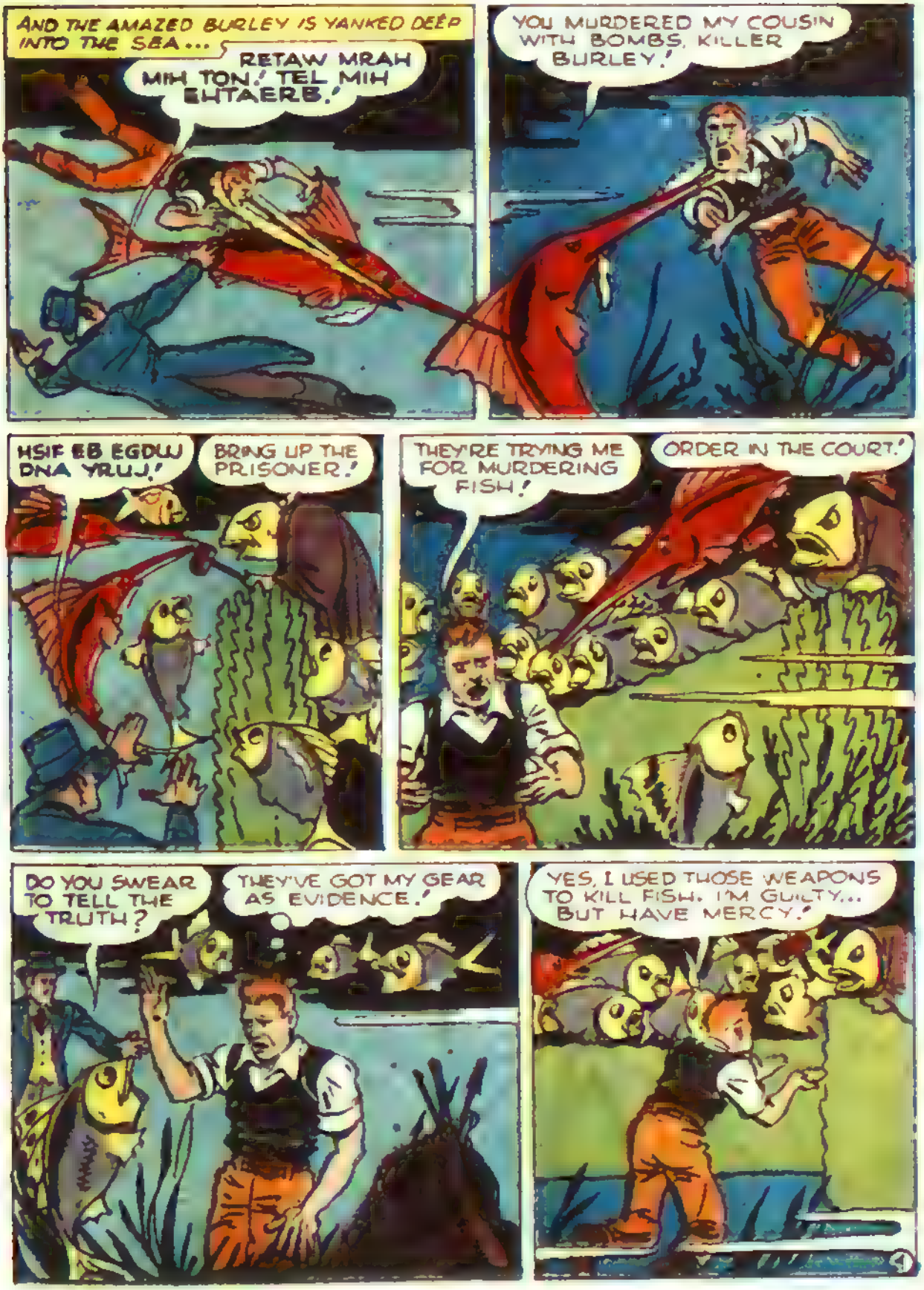
WHEN A MAN LANDS A FISH... THAT'S ANGLING! BUT WHEN A SCHOOL OF FISH CATCH A MAN... THAT'S NEWS! AND IT'S MAGIC WHEN ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN AND ILLUSION-CREATOR, DARES A PERILOUS PLUNGE INTO OCEAN DEPTHS TO TEACH A BAD FISHERMAN A LESSON—AND LEND A HAND AS—
'FISH CATCHES MAN!'


FAR AT SEA, ZATARA RELAXES WITH ROD AND REEL—AND LOSES A WHOPPER!
WELL, THAT SWORDFISH OUTWITTED ME!
ALL'S FAIR IN FISHING! IT'S A GREAT SPORT—IF YOU'RE A REAL SPORTSMAN!
SNAP!



IT'S ALEC BURLEY! HE FISHES WITH GUNS AND BOMBS!
THAT'S AGAINST THE RULES.' WITH ROD AND REEL, YOU GIVE THE FISH AN EVEN CHANCE.'
ALEC BURLEY'S A KILLER, NOT AN ANGLER.'
USING GUNS, BOMBS, STEEL NETS — THAT'S MURDER.'
HOHO, CAPTAIN SPARR! YOU'RE TOO SLOW! I'LL GET YOUR SAIL-FISH WITH ONE DYNAMITE BOMB.'
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE TO STOP BURLEY'S FISH-MURDERING.'
HOHOHO! YOU "SPORT" ANGLERS ARE SAPS! WHY SPEND HOURS LANDING ONE FISH?
HMM... SUPPOSE I FIND A FISH THAT'S SMARTER THAN SMART-ALECK ALEC BURLEY...
ARATAZ EB ELBISIVNI.'*
* THOSE STRANGE SYLLABLES ARE ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS!
ALWAYS READ THEM BACKWARDS!

THUS, ZATARA STARTS ON A STRANGE, DEEP SEA ADVENTURE...
I THINK I'LL GO BELOW FOR A NAP, CAPTAIN.
RIGHT! NO FISH AROUND HERE SINCE THOSE BOMBS WENT OFF.
ARATAZ EVID OT PEED AES.!
UNDERWATER, ZATARA STREAKS FOR ALEC BURLEY'S BOAT...
BURLEY IS ABOUT TO LEARN A LESSON—THE HARD WAY!
HSIFDROWS EB SA NAM.! YEBO EM.!
HELLO, ZATARA! WHAT'S YOUR COMMAND?
YOU'RE GOING MAN-FISHING.!
SOUNDS LIKE GOOD SPORT! WHAT DO I USE FOR BAIT?
DOOF RAEPPA! HERE'S THE BAIT.!
MEAL TIME, EH? BOY, I'M HUNGRY!
FULL, SWORDFISH.! YOU'VE HOOKED YOUR MAN!


AND THE AMAZED BURLEY IS YANKED DEEP INTO THE SEA...
RETAW MRAH MIH TON! TEL MIH EHTAERB!
YOU MURDERED MY COUSIN WITH BOMBS, KILLER BURLEY!
HSIF EB EGDUJ DNA YRUJ!
BRING UP THE PRISONER!
THEY'RE TRYING ME FOR MURDERING FISH!
ORDER IN THE COURT!
DO YOU SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH?
THEY'VE GOT MY GEAR AS EVIDENCE!
YES, I USED THOSE WEAPONS TO KILL FISH. I'M GUILTY... BUT HAVE MERCY!

UNDER ZATARA'S MAGIC, THE WEIRD TRIAL OF MAN BY FISH ENDS...
NOW THE COURT'S VERDICT!
DON'T KILL ME! DON'T KILL ME!
LET ALEC BURLEY SUFFER THE FATE OF THE LAST FISH HE CAUGHT!
JUSTICE! THAT'S JUSTICE!
I'LL USE THE STEEL NET!
I'LL HOOK HIM!
I'LL STICK HIM!
PULL HIM! PULL!
DON'T! OOOH... MERCY!
TRAP HIM AS HE TRAPPED MY BROTHERS!
NOW WE'LL BOMB HIM!
OOH! WHY DID I EVER GO FISHING WITH GUNS!

BAROOMM!
SO THIS IS HOW MY LAST VICTIM FELT! OOOOOO...
WHAT A PRIZE!
WEIGH HIM! GET THE SCALES!
TWO HUNDRED POUNDS! SOME TROPHY!
A BEAUTY! HE'LL LOOK GRAND IN MY DEN!
NOW WE MOUNT HIM!
A LIVING EXHIBIT! I'LL BE THE MOST FAMOUS MAN-FISHER!
OOWW! THAT HURTS!
QUIET, MAN-TROPHY! YOU DID THIS TO MY WHOLE FAMILY!
LET ME GO! I PROMISE NEVER TO FISH AGAIN!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY!
EVEN IF THIS IS JUST A DREAM, I'LL NEVER FISH AGAIN!
I THINK ALEC BURLEY HAS LEARNED HIS LESSON! ERITNE NOISULLI ESAEC! CELA OG OT ECAFRUS!
YOU'RE WELCOME, ZATARA! IT WAS A PLEASURE!
THANKS, JUDGE AND JURY!
BACK IN THE WORLD OF REALITY AGAIN...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. BURLEY? HAVING A NIGHT-MARE?
HOHO! YOUR CONSCIENCE BOTHERING YOU, FISH-KILLER?
I'VE REFORMED! FROM NOW ON I OBEY FAIR SPORT RULES!
THAT'S GREAT! FISHING IS A GRAND SPORT... FOR REAL SPORTSMEN.
IN ANGLING OR LIVING... IT PAYS TO PLAY FAIR... AND FISH FAIR!

Hey Look!
Be The First In Your Gang To Wear All These
COMIC BUTTONS!
They're right out of the funnies! Get one as a PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP!
HERE'S something to make a PRIZE collection! Shiny pin-on comic buttons featuring your favorites from the funnies. Superman, Little King, Lord Plushbottom—fifteen others! They're printed in full color enameled on metal! Swell for pinning on beanies, jackets, or sweaters!
COLLECT 'EM! SWAP 'EM!
You don't have to send in a thing to get these swell buttons! One comes as a PRIZE in every package of Kellogg's PEP. Just open the package—and there's your button. Tell Mom how good PEP is for you—whole-wheat nutrition plus your minimum daily need of sunshine vitamin D in every serving. Ask her to treat the whole family to Kellogg's PEP. "The Sunshine Cereal." And see how fast you will add to your collection of comic buttons!
"THE SUNSHINE CEREAL"
18 DIFFERENT BUTTONS
COLLECT 'EM ALL!
Kellogg's
PEP
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
LISTEN TO
SUPERMAN
Listen to his exciting adventures every day, Monday through Friday. See your local paper for time and station.
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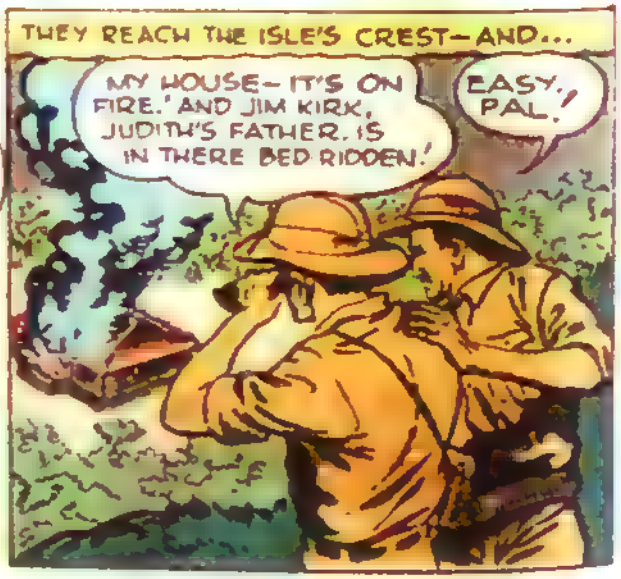
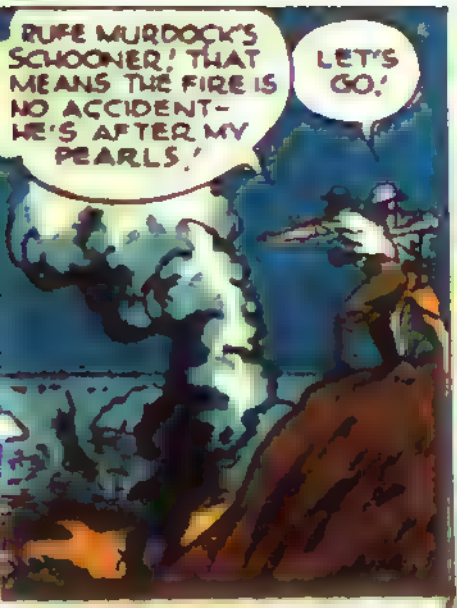
CONGO BILL

EXQUISITE, PERFECTLY MATCHED PEARLS.' TO FIND SUCH TREASURE IS THE DREAM OF ALL HARDY TRADERS WHO ROAM THE FAR FLUNG ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS - AND TO ATTAIN THEM SOME RENEGADES WOULD SELL THEIR VERY SOULS! SUCH A FELLOW CONGO BILL ENCOUNTERS ON TINY HIVA-LUVA—AND PROMPTLY DEALS HIMSELF A HAND IN THE RUTHLESS GAME FOR...

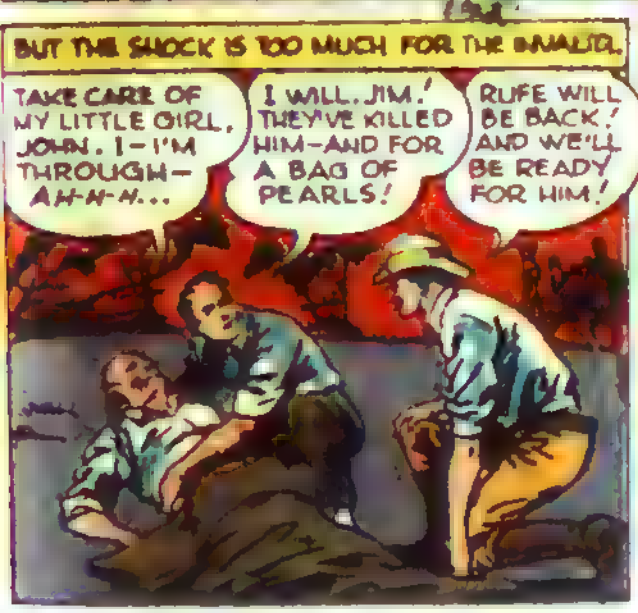
"THE PERILOUS PEARLS!"

HIVA-LUVA IS ONLY A DOT ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN, BUT TO JOHN CAMERON IT IS PARADISE...
YOU HAVE A FINE ISLAND HERE, CAMERON.
YES, CONGO BILL. BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE MY HOUSE 'AND WHEN JUDITH COMES OUT TO MARRY ME, I'LL HAVE ALL I WANT FROM LIFE!



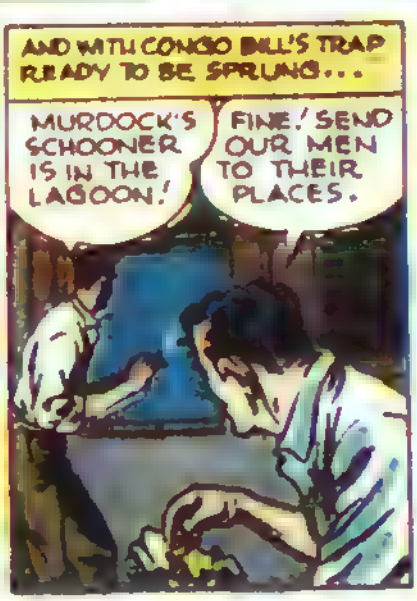

RUFE MURDOCK'S SCHOONER! THAT MEANS THE FIRE IS NO ACCIDENT— HE'S AFTER MY PEARLS!
LET'S GO!

THEN—A GRIM FIGHT TO SAVE A HELPLESS LIFE...
GET YOUR PEARLS FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE— I'LL RESCUE KIRK!


BUT THE SHOCK IS TOO MUCH FOR THE INVALID.
TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL, JOHN. I—I'M THROUGH— AH-H-H...
I WILL, JIM! THEY'VE KILLED HIM—AND FOR A BAG OF PEARLS!
RUFE WILL BE BACK! AND WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM!

TWO WEEKS LATER... A HOUSE IS REBUILT...
NEARLY FINISHED... I'LL SEE HOW CONGO BILL IS DOING...

FINE WORK, BILL! THESE IMMITATION PEARLS WILL FOOL AN EXPERT!
THEN THEY'LL FOOL RUFE MURDOCK! NOW LET HIM COME!


AND WITH CONGO BILL'S TRAP READY TO BE SPRUNG...
MURDOCK'S SCHOONER IS IN THE LAGOON!
FINE! SEND OUR MEN TO THEIR PLACES.

WHILE ALERT EYES WATCH...

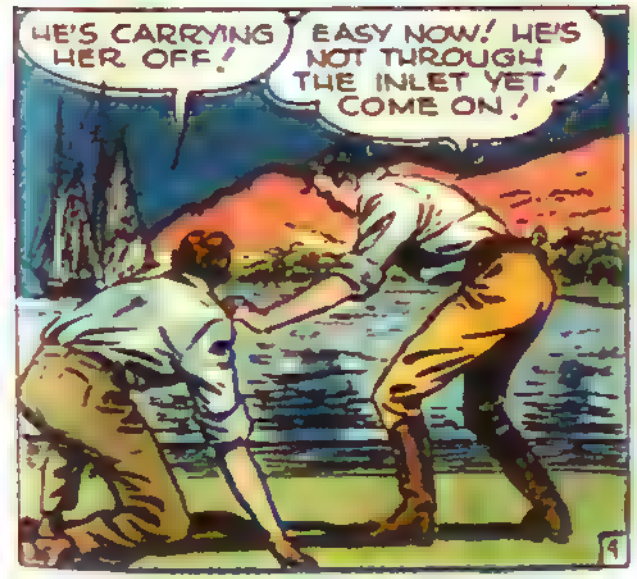
OKAY, CAMERON—I KNOW YOUR MEN HAVE ME COVERED. BUT YOU'D BETTER CALL 'EM OFF...
—IF YOU WANT ME TO LAND MY PASSENGER—A MISS JUDITH KIRK!
MURDOCK'S CRAFTNESS WINS A POINT, AND...
YOU WIN, MURDOCK—THE PEARLS ARE YOURS FOR MISS KIRK'S SAFE DELIVERY. THEY'RE IN THE SUGAR—
A SLICK HIDIN' PLACE!
NOT BAD, AND YOU'RE SMART NOT TO FIGHT ME, CAMERON!
HOW ABOUT A DRINK TO SEAL THE DEAL?
BUT SUDDENLY...
POP!
NO, Y'DON'T! NO SWITCHIN' MARBLES ON RUFE MURDOCK!
SMART, AREN'T YOU, RUFE?

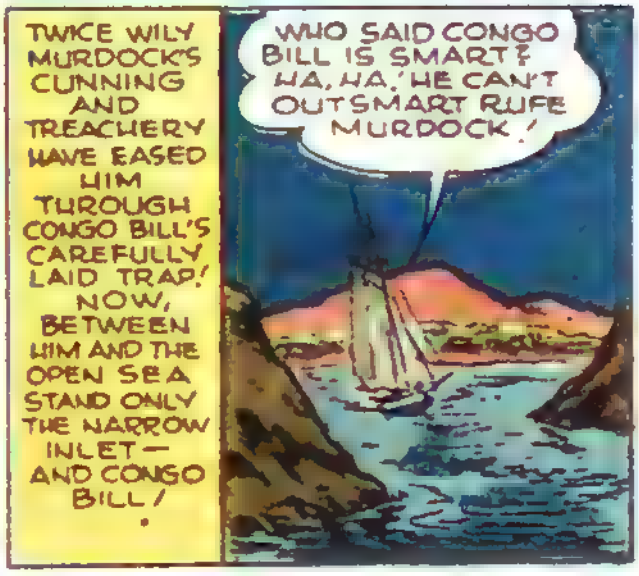
ALL RIGHT, GENTS. COME TO THE DOCK AND WE'LL LAND THE GAL!

MEANWHILE, OUT IN THE LAGOON...
JOHN! OH, JOHN!

AND ON THE DOCK...
ON SECOND THOUGHT, GENTS, ME AND THE LADY AIN'T PARTIN' COMPANY JUST YET!

JOHN! JOHN! SAVE ME!
THE GAL'S FARE IS GOING UP, GENTS! BETTER START FISHIN' FOR PEARLS!


HE'S CARRYING HER OFF!
EASY NOW! HE'S NOT THROUGH THE INLET YET! COME ON!


TWICE WILY MURDOCK'S CUNNING AND TREACHERY HAVE EASED HIM THROUGH CONGO BILL'S CAREFULLY LAID TRAP! NOW, BETWEEN HIM AND THE OPEN SEA STAND ONLY THE NARROW INLET— AND CONGO BILL!
WHO SAID CONGO BILL IS SMART? HA, HA! HE CAN'T OUTSMART RUFE MURDOCK!

BUT HIGH ATOP THE ISLE'S CREST...
I ALWAYS COPPER MY BETS, CAMERON! THAT'S WHY I STRUNG THIS CABLE!
I HOPE IT WORKS!
BYE-BYE, BOYS! YOU GOTTA BE SMART TO FOOL OLD RUFE!
AND AT THAT MOMENT...
CONGO BILL! SHOOT HIM DOWN, MEN!
HANG ON, AND WE'LL MAKE A SIEVE OUTTA YOU!
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP...
THAT'S RIGHT, RUFE! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT DUMMY OF ME!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO USE THAT GUN!

WAIT, MURDOCK! WHY SO BASHFUL?
MY GUN'S EMPTY! WASTED ALL MY BULLETS ON THAT FOOL DUMMY!
BUT IN HIS CABIN MURDOCK FINDS A WEAPON!
BELAYIN' PINS ARE AS GOOD AS A GUN, EH, CONGO BILL?
ARGH...
SUDDENLY...
AHHH... I CAN'T BREATHE!
THAT'S GAS, MURDOCK! MY PHONEY PEARLS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU AT LAST!
WHAT HAPPENED, BILL?
THE PHONEY PEARLS DID IT. I FILLED THEM WITH GAS. WHEN THE ACID IN THE LIQUOR ATE THROUGH THE SHELLS, THE GAS WAS RELEASED! I DELIBERATELY WET THEM WITH THE WINE...
THE END

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

ADVZL DOV ZABKF OH-
YKLZA KBYPUN AOL
FLHY LUQVF AOLPY ZB-
TTLY CHJHAPVUZ TVZA.

SUPERMAN, JULY
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

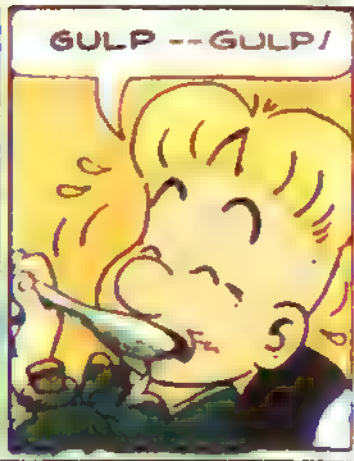
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

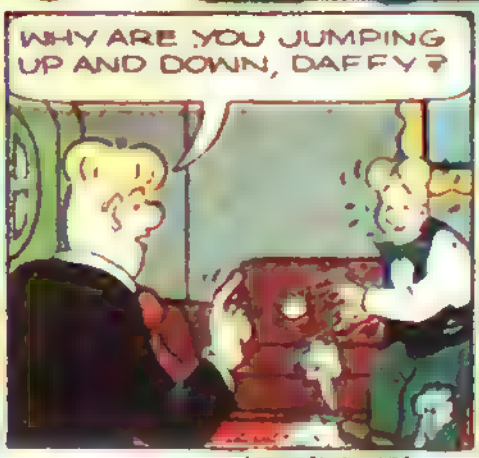
NAME ..... AGE .....

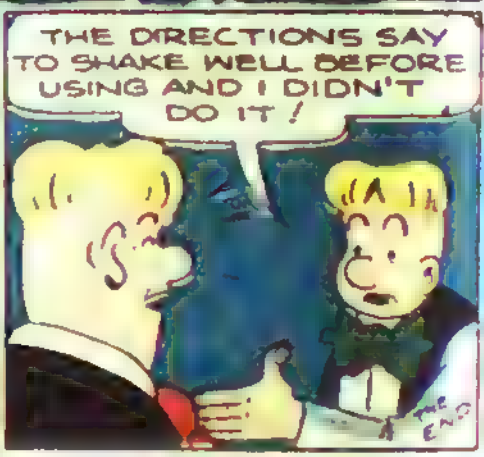
STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

DAFFY & DOODLE







Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

WHENEVER HE DIVES, IT'S A BELLY-WHOPPER!
HIS BELLY'S A WHOPPER EVEN WHEN HE DOESN'T DIVE!
DUBBLE BUBBLE IS WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!
YES, AND A BIG, BIG PIECE COSTS ONLY A PENNY!
I KNOW FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS GOOD TOO... SO STOP HOUNDING ME!
THAT'S JOEY BLOWING BUBBLES UNDER WATER!
WISHT I HAD A MILLION-ZILLION DOLLARS!
I'D RATHER HAVE A BASKET-FULL OF DANDY, DELICIOUS, DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
IT'S MORE FUN TO BLOW BUBBLES WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE!
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!

KNIFE PARTY

By BEN BALLARD

DON'T look so scairt, stranger. Us folks in Tombstone *like* actors. No, I'm not the Sheriff, only his deputy. The Sheriff is down street somewheres. Yep, that's the theatre right there, the Tombstone Theatre, best gold-durn entertainment place in the hull Southwest. And we keep it good, stranger, 'cause us folks here built it ourselves. Sort of a memorial. Huh, how's that? Say, you must be a comedian, son, that's pretty good—Memorial—Tombstone. Yes siree, you must be a comedian! A what? A knife thrower? Well, that shore is a coincidence! The Sheriff will want to see your act.

How'd we come to build such a nice theatre? Well, that's a long story, actor, but mebbe I can tell you a little about it.

Yeah, it was nigh onto three years ago when Joe Blades came to town with his tent show. Shucks, it wasn't much of a show, mister, only had a midget named Tiny Tom, a couple of tight-rope walkers, and a few dancin' girls. It was those dancin' girls, I think, that caused the trouble. You see, Ace Martin was runnin' Tombstone in those days and he owned both our cabarets, the Bella Nevada and the Gilt Edge Dollar.

Anyway, before Ace knew what had happened this Joe Blades is in town distributin' handbills about his show which he proposes to open on Saturday. This riles Ace no end, particularly since the miners all come into his place on Saturday and he gives 'em entertainment such as dice and cards guaranteed to leave them with no money.

First thing Ace does when he hears about it is to call in his lieutenant, Colt Weston. You've heard of Colt back East, stranger. He was a two-gun killer. Everybody knows he's tied up with Ace but nobuddy dares to do a thing about it. Wouldn't be healthy. Colt is for shooting this Joe Blades but Ace won't have it, not right away, he says. So what does Colt do but round up this actor critter and bring him in. With the actor is this midget, Tiny Tom. The rest of the troupe, plumb skeered, goes hidin' like coyotes.

But this Joe Blades, for an actor—beggin' your pardon, mister—has guts. He stands up to Ace Martin and says in a free country nobody's goin' to tell him he can't put on a tent show. That gets him knocked right down by Colt Weston. Joe Blades gets up, fightin' mad, but his little midget friend stops him. That Tiny Tom had sense. Nobody argued with Colt Weston in those days. Anyway, Joe Blades goes out and says he's puttin' on his show, no matter what.

"You do," says Ace Martin, "and you won't have any more show to take out of Tombstone." He's plenty mad, but cool as all git-out. He knows he's got the upper hand.

Well, since this fight takes place in the Bella Nevada everybody knows about it. They also know the actor feller is going to put on his show and they're all for him, the whole town. Naturally, nobody mentions this out loud because talking about Ace Martin them days wasn't a healthy thing to do either.

On Saturday, Joe Blades makes good his threat. When the sun comes up his tent comes up with it, even if he isn't going to have a show until night time when the miners and prospectors come in from their diggings. He lets everybody know, too, that his show is for the town because he made up handbills telling them about it.

"This is good, clean entertainment," his handbill says. "fit for all the family."

Well, the fust thing Colt Weston does is to get some of his boys and tear down all the handbills. He couldn't do anything about the show until night, o course.

What a night that was, mister actor! An hour before the tent show was to open there's a line way back to Main Street. Joe Blades is selling tickets and keeping plenty busy. I can

see him there now, a skinny, nice-looking fellow just smiling over that money and looking like he didn't have a care in the world

Everybody expected trouble early. It didn't come until the whole place was seated and Joe Blades was in the center of the ring. I think they called it, as sort of ringmaster. I think I was the fust one who seed the blazin' arrow come through the tent and set it on fire. Yes sir, that's what Colt Weston was doin', usin' an old Indian trick. Outside, he and his gang were a whoopin' and a-hollerin' and sending those flamin' arrers through. They were plumb loco, having been Ace Martin's guests at the bar afore they begun their mischief.

The place was in a panic, but everybody managed to get out safe. I heered that for a little while this Joe Blades almost went crazy, when he saw his burned-out show. He was all for goin' after Colt Weston right then, but the little midget, Tiny Tom, made him promise to cool off fust. "He'll kill you sure, Joe," he says, "that man is a killer. Maybe I can help—"

Joe looks at him, sort of pityin'. "Thanks, Tiny," he says. "I can fight my own battles." He bit his lip. "And I've got to face that bully!"

"Sure, sure," says the midget, "but you just wait a little while, Joe." And he makes Joe lie down. That's the smartest thing the little guy did, for Joe was plumb exhausted. And though Joe don't know it, the little feller has a plan.

Tiny goes away for awhile, and when he comes back he just sits watchin' Joe Blades sleep. When Joe Blades wakes up, Tiny is still sittin' there.

Joe's face is set. He goes over to his trunk and takes out some stuff. Tiny knows what is on Joe Blades' mind. "I'll wait here for you, Joe," he says, shaking hands, "you'll be back."

"It's me or Colt Weston," says Joe, "and the Lord's on my side." And off he goes.

There was quite an audience watchin' when Joe Blades went through the door of the Bella Nevada.

Where it's been all noisy, it suddenly becomes very quiet except for the corner where Colt Weston and his gang are raisin' cain. Finally, Colt Weston sees Blades. Colt's plenty ugly by now and he's got his mean streak on. You could tell by the way he looked at Joe Blades. "Well," he says, "you came to apologize, too, like your midget?"

Joe Blades is startled by this. He's never figured the midget for a coward, but he was hurt inside even if he didn't show it. "So that's what Tiny was doin' while I was asleep," he thinks, "trying to worm out." Still, he doesn't like to believe it.

Joe Blades' voice is calm. "I came to pay off," he says, "get ready, Weston!"

Every eye in the place is on Joe Blades and every man jack there thinks he's crazy. There's no gun on him, and Colt Weston's a killer, mind you.

Well, Colt goes for his guns. Then, there's a gasp from him and the crowd. Colt's guns are gone! Colt stands there lookin' dazed with surprise.

But Joe Blades isn't waiting. From out of nowhere a knife sails at Colt Weston, who backs against the wall. The knife misses his throat by a hair. Then another comes from nowhere and another and another. Eight knives in all, mister—and they're pinning Colt Weston against the wall. Colt screams for somebody to stop Joe. One of his gang tries to draw, but a knife gets him in the shoulder. That stops the rest of 'em. And the miners in the place seemed to suddenly decide to go over onto Joe Blades' side. Nobody likes a yeller quitter, and that's just what Colt is without his guns. He's babbling like a baby, asking Joe Blades not to throw any more knives.

They had to take him away, mister. He went mad—stark, ravin' loco.

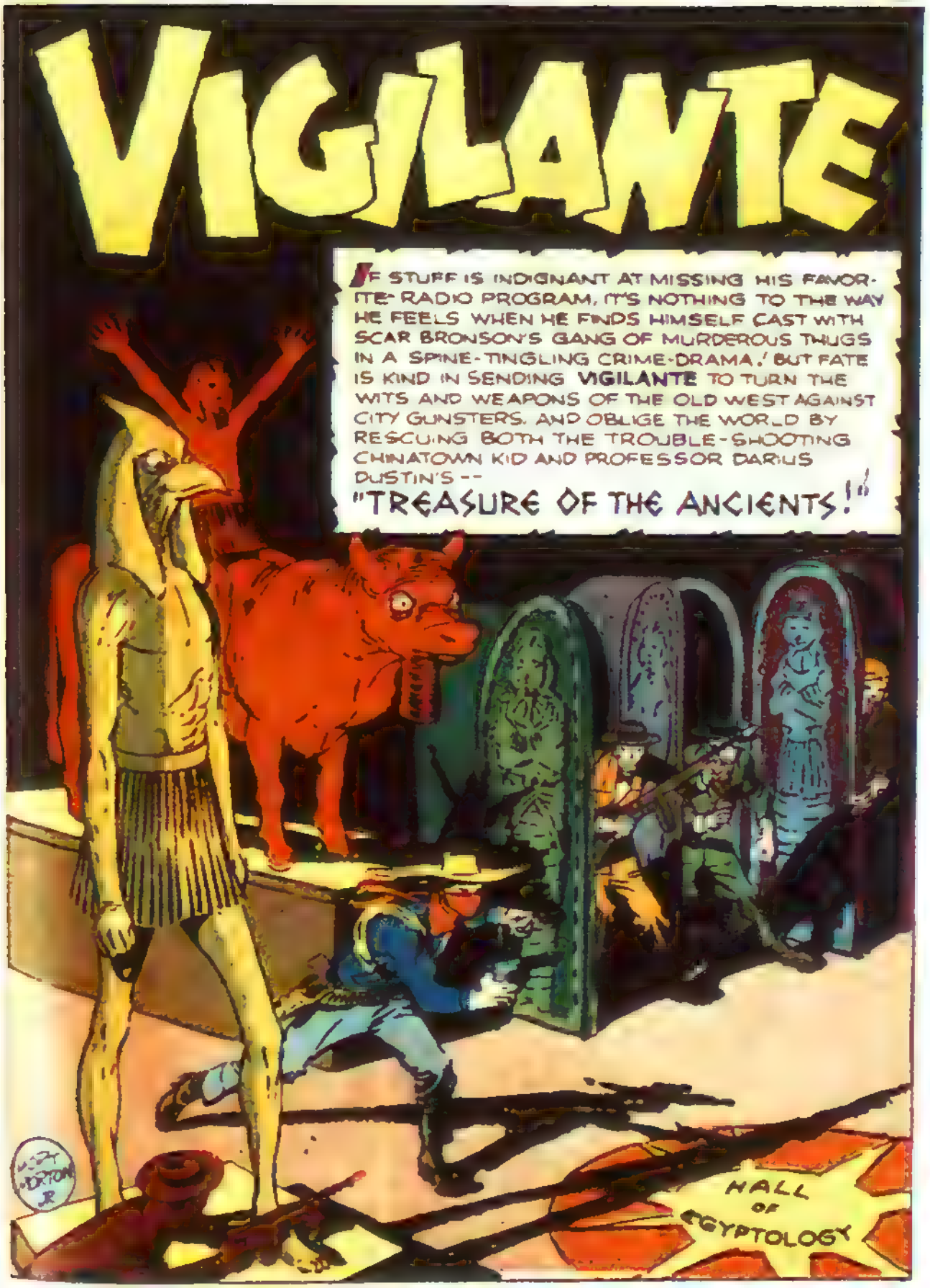
Naturally, after such a thing Ace Martin is through in town. Then there's a vigilante committee organized to bring law and order to Tombstone, and keep people like Martin and Colt Weston out forever.

Huh? What's that? How'd Joe Blades get all those knives? I was comin' to that, stranger! he was a knife thrower, just like you, only nobody got to see him do it at the theater 'cause Colt and his gang stopped the show in the middle. You'd like to have met him? You can, mister, there he comes up the street now. Yeah . . . the feller with the star—Sheriff Joe Blades!

VIGILANTE

IF STUFF IS INDIGNANT AT MISSING HIS FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM, IT'S NOTHING TO THE WAY HE FEELS WHEN HE FINDS HIMSELF CAST WITH SCAR BRONSON'S GANG OF MURDEROUS THUGS IN A SPINE-TINGLING CRIME-DRAMA! BUT FATE IS KIND IN SENDING **VIGILANTE** TO TURN THE WITS AND WEAPONS OF THE OLD WEST AGAINST CITY GUNSTERS. AND OBLIGE THE WORLD BY RESCUING BOTH THE TROUBLE-SHOOTING CHINATOWN KID AND PROFESSOR DARIUS DUSTIN'S --

"TREASURE OF THE ANCIENTS!"

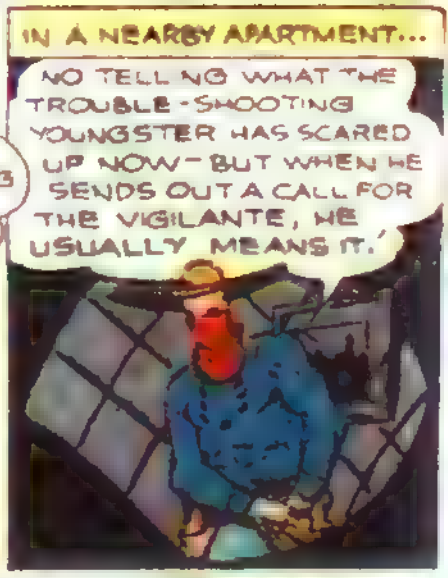


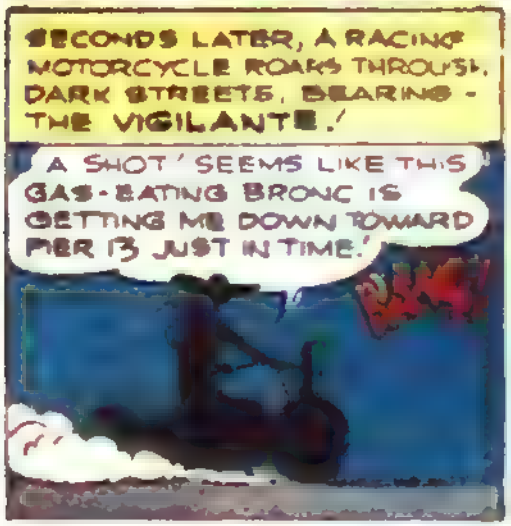
TIME TO TUNE IN, FOLKS – ALONG WITH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF OTHER FANS – TO ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR PROGRAMS ON THE AIR!
AND NOW THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SINGING COWBOW – GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!
AND, INCIDENTALLY, MEET ONE OF THE CROONING COWBOY'S MOST ARDENT AUDITORS – STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID,!
HE WAS CAUGHT WITH FIVE ACES IN THE TOUGHEST OF PLACES – SO HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON HIS FEET.
THAT'S MY PARDNER! – GOOD ENOUGH TO BE IN GRAND OPERA.
UNFORTUNATELY, SOME PEOPLE HAVE NO EAR FOR MUSIC...
TIME TO START! TURN OFF THAT IMITATION RANGE-RIDER, FATS!
OKAY, SCAR 'ME, I LIKE BOOGIE-WOOGIE, ANY-WAY!
IT'S BETTER TO RAMBLE THAN SIT AROUND AND GAMBLE –
WHAT NERVE, CUTTIN' OFF THE PROGRAM LIKE THAT! ANYBODY WHO DON'T LIKE MY PAL THE TROUBADOUR IS – AUH?
KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR COPPERS.
WE GRAB THE VAN SOON AS IT LEAVES PIER 13, SEE? AND WE TAKE IT OVER FROM THE TRUCKERS!
SCAR BRONSON AND HIS PISTOL-PACKIN' HIRED MEN – GOIN' ON A JOB! I BETTER TIP OFF THE VIG, AND HOLD THE FORT TILL HE FINISHES YODELIN'!
OOO
.. AS SOON AS SANDERS COMES OFF THE MIKE, TELL HIM TO SEND THE VIGILANTE TO PIER 13 IN A RUSH! THIS IS STUFF – SIGNIN' OFF!
THAT MUST BE THE VAN THEY WERE TALKIN' ABOUT! I GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STALL 'EM!
2

IF I CAN SNEAK INSIDE BEFORE THEY SHUT THE DOORS...
EASY WITH THOSE CASES.' THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE.'
THEY LIFT LIKE THEY'RE FULL OF GOLD.'
AS THE LOADED VAN GETS UNDER WAY...
SCAR AND HIS MOB ARE WAITIN' BY THE STOP SIGN AT THE END OF THE DOCK! MAYBE THIS'LL DISCOURAGE 'EM.'
OUR LAST HAUL FOR THE NIGHT, JIM!
SUDDENLY...
ALL RIGHT, MUGGS! WE'RE TAKING OVER.'
CAREFUL, JIM.' IT'S A STICKUP!
DIS IS AS FAR AS YA GO, SAP.' YIPE! ME ARMS BUSTED!
IS SOMEBODY LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE?
BULL'S-EYE.'
UGH!
GOT HIM.' LET ME GRAB THAT WHEEL, BLACKIE, AND START US ROLLING.'
AAA-AA-A...
3

MEANWHILE, AT THE BROADCASTING STUDIO...
IT WAS SWELL, GREG. YOU SOUND BETTER EVERY TIME YOU GO ON!
THEN I OUGHT TO BE REALLY GOOD IN A FEW YEARS!
MESSAGE FOR YOU, MR. SANDERS. IMPORTANT!

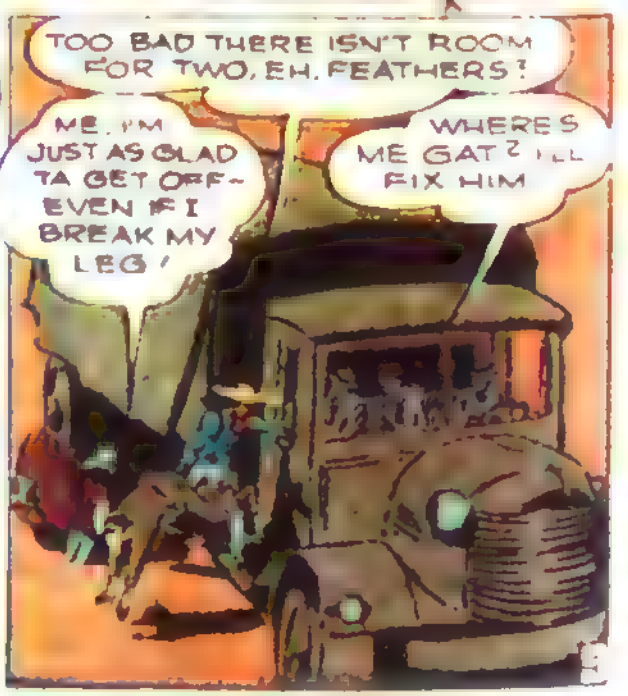
HE SAID THE VIGILANTE WOULD HAVE TO RUSH
I KNOW WHERE TO CATCH THE VIG RIGHT NOW! EXCUSE ME!


IN A NEARBY APARTMENT...
NO TELLING WHAT THE TROUBLE-SHOOTING YOUNGSTER HAS SCARED UP NOW- BUT WHEN HE SENDS OUT A CALL FOR THE VIGILANTE, HE USUALLY MEANS IT.


SECONDS LATER, A RACING MOTORCYCLE ROARS THROUGH DARK STREETS, BEARING - THE VIGILANTE!
A SHOT! SEEMS LIKE THIS GAS-EATING BRONC IS GETTING ME DOWN TOWARD PIER 13 JUST IN TIME!

NO TRUCK THAT SIZE WOULD BE GOING THAT FAST ON LEGITIMATE BUSINESS! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

CALL ME A COYOTE IF IT ISN'T FEATHERS FENNIG, ONE OF SCAR BRONSON'S LITTLE PLAYMATES!
HUH?... DA VIGILANTE!


TOO BAD THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR TWO, EH, FEATHERS?
ME, I'M JUST AS GLAD TA GET OFF- EVEN IF I BREAK MY LEG!
WHERE'S ME GAT? I'LL FIX HIM

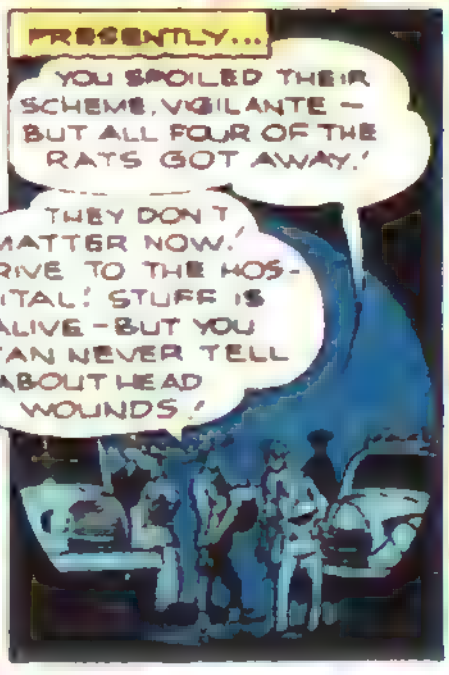
A LITTLE SLOW ON THE DRAW AREN'T YOU BLACKIE?
LEMME OUTA HERE.'

THE COPS WILL BE ALONG TO INVESTIGATE THAT SHOT. THEY'LL PICK UP WHAT I TOSS OUT'
CAN'T WE MAKE A DEAL, VIC?
YIIIIIII.'

SURE, WE CAN MAKE A DEAL.' YOU MOVE OVER, AND I'LL STEER THIS BUGGY.'
OOO-OOO...

THE LAWMAN FROM THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE BRINGS THE HEAVY VEHICLE TO A STOP.' AND THEN—
RECKON I GOT ALL OF THEM.'... BUT WHO'S THIS? WHY— WHY, IT'S—

STUFF.'
IF I'D KNOWN THOSE SIDE-WINDING DIAMOND BACKS HAD DONE THIS, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE GOT OFF SO EASY.'


PRESENTLY...
YOU SPOILED THEIR SCHEME, VIGILANTE— BUT ALL FOUR OF THE RATS GOT AWAY.'
THEY DON'T MATTER NOW.' DRIVE TO THE HOSPITAL! STUFF IS ALIVE—BUT YOU CAN NEVER TELL ABOUT HEAD WOUNDS.'

THAT VAN WAS TAKING STUFF FROM EGYPTIAN TOMBS TO PROFESSOR DARIUS DUSTIN, THE FAMOUS ARCHAEOLOGIST. WE'RE SENDING IT ON TO HIS HOUSE.'
WON'T THIS MACHINE GO ANY FASTER?

AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, THE VIGILANTE PACES IN A FEVER OF ANXIETY FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR...
IF STUFF DOESN'T PULL OUT OF IT 100 PER CENT - SCAR BRONSON AND HIS YELLOW PALS WILL WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!
SORRY TO KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE, VIGILANTE..
THE BOY WILL BE ALL RIGHT IT'S ONLY A SLIGHT SCALP WOUND. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE HIM IN THE MORNING.'
THANKS, DOCTOR' IF I'M LUCKY TONIGHT, I'LL HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR HIM THEN.'
MOMENTS LATER...
HERE'S DUSTIN'S HOUSE - AND I'M GOING TO CALL ON THE OLD BOY, JUST ON A HUNCH.'
I'D LIKE TO SEE PROFESSOR DUSTIN'
VIGILANTE! COME IN I AM PROFESSOR DUSTIN'
COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE SHRUBBERY, SCAR! I'VE SEEN DUSTIN'S PICTURE — AND HE DOESN'T WEAR A BEARD'
BLACKIE' FEATHERS'
DIS IS WHERE I GET EVEN FOR DAT SOCK ON DA CHIN'
PUT HIM IN THAT MUMMY CASE AND CLOSE IT'
UH-UH
MAKE SURE THE ROPE'S TIGHT' HE'LL SMOTHER, NICE AND PEACEFUL'

AND AS THE GALLANT CRIME-CRASHER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?... THEY'VE PUT ME IN A COFFIN ALIVE... AND I CAN HARDLY BREATHE!
BUT THE COFFIN IS A MUMMY CASE A FEW THOUSAND YEARS OLD— AND IF I CAN'T FORCE MY SPURS THROUGH THE ROTTEN WOOD TO GET AIR, I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!
IN THE MEANTIME...
ROPE ME TO A CYCLONE IF THEY AIN'T STUCK ME IN A HOSPITAL FOR A MEASLY HEADACHE! AND ME WITH UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!
I GOT TO FIND SCAR BRONSON, OR THE VIG'LL THINK I'VE LET HIM DOWN! ONLY WHERE'LL I LOOK FIRST?
A SHIPPIN' TAG I RIPPED FROM ONE OF THE BOXES IN THE VAN! THE JUNK WAS GOIN' TO SOME GUY NAMED DUSTIN— AND SO AM I!
A STEALTHY EXIT THROUGH THE WINDOW — AND THEN...
THIS IS THE JOINT— AND SO HELP ME IF IT ISN'T THE VIG'S BIKE! I BETTER WATCH MY STEP, IN CASE HE'S GOT HIMSELF IN TROUBLE THROUGH NOT HAVIN' ME ALONG!
NO NOISE... NO LIGHTS... JUST A CREEPY FEELIN'! IF ONLY THE VIG HAD WAITED FOR ME, I'D SURE APPRECIATE HIS COMPANY!

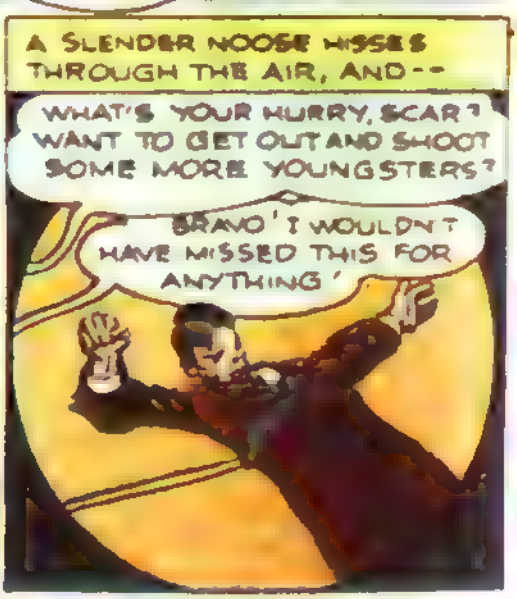
OOPS! NOW I'VE DONE IT!
DON'T SHOOT, MISTER! I AIN'T A BURGLAR!
YA SEE, I MUSTA GOT IN THE WRONG HOUSE, AND— SUFFERIN' CATFISH! IT'S A BIRD!
WHAT A JOINT! IT'S WORSE THAN HAVIN' A NIGHTMARE! MAYBE IT'S SILLY— BUT I FEEL LIKE GUYS ARE WAITIN' BEHIND ALL THESE STATUES TO JUMP ON ME!
HEY!..
SHOVE HIM IN THIS CLOSET FOR NOW! WE'LL GET RID OF ALL OF 'EM LATER!
IN YA GO, PEST!
NIX! LEMME OUT! I DON'T WANT TO BE LOCKED UP WITH A MILLION-YEAR OLD MUMMY!
MMMFFF! MMMFFF!
IT'S TALKIN'! IT'S ALIVE! I GOT A GHOST ON MY HANDS— NO LESS! OR ELSE—
WELL, SLAP ME DOWN! IT'S HUMAN!
THANK YOU, MY YOUNG FRIEND! I AM PROFESSOR DUSTIN— AND IF YOU WILL RELIEVE ME OF THESE ROPES, PERHAPS WE CAN TURN THE TABLES ON OUR COMMON ENEMIES!

FORTUNATELY, THE ROGUES DID NOT SEARCH THE CLOSET AND FIND THIS BOX OF TOOLS! IF I CAN FIND A GOOD-SIZED CHISEL—
PROF, YA SURE GOT BRAINS IN YOUR NOODLE!
YOU SEE THIS IS AS GOOD AS A SECOND STORY MAN'S JIMMY! MY EXPLORATION OF ANCIENT TOMBS HAS MADE ME A PROFICIENT BURGLAR—ALTHOUGH I AM MORE USED TO BREAKING IN THAN OUT!
TOMBS AIN'T ONE OF MY SECRET PASSIONS—BUT GETTIN' OUT OF PLACES LIKE THIS IS!
IN ANOTHER ROOM...
THIS IS IT! GOLD—JEWELS—THE TREASURE OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN KING!
NICE OF DAT BATTY OLD PERFESSOR TA BRING IT ALL DA WAY HERE FOR US, WASN'T IT?
THIEVES! VANDALS! VULTURES! SCAVENGERS!
OUCH!
HERE'S WHERE I FINISH WHAT I STARTED EARLIER!
TRY TO ENRICH YOURSELF AT THE EXPENSE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE GLORIOUS PAST, WILL YOU?
TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE, EH, FATS?
IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!
EEEE—SUMTHIN' STUCK ME!
YA MISSED!
BONG!
OH!—I PUSHED THE MUMMY CASE OVER—YIPE!
THANKS, FATS!
CRASH!

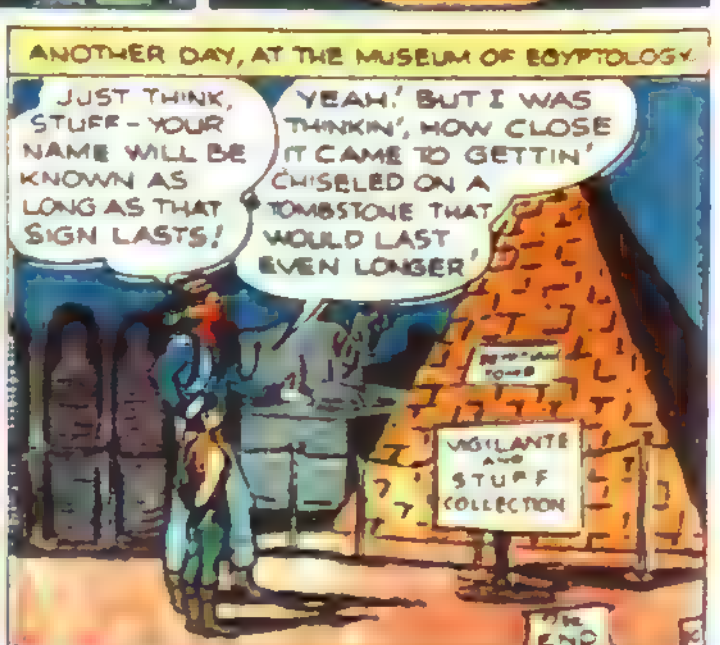
HOT LEAD WILL STOP HIM!... OW!!
NOT TODAY, SCAR!
BANG!

OW!
SORRY TO HORN IN ON YOUR PARTY!

NICE GOIN', VIG!
WHY SHOULD I STICK AROUND?
KLUNK!


A SLENDER NOOSE HISSES THROUGH THE AIR, AND--
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, SCAR? WANT TO GET OUT AND SHOOT SOME MORE YOUNGSTERS?
BRAVO! I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR ANYTHING!

SCAR BRONSON HIMSELF! YOU OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL FOR THIS, VIGILANTE!
WHEN I SEND MY COLLECTION TO THE MUSEUM, IT WILL BE CALLED THE VIGILANTE COLLECTION!
SORRY--BUT IF I CAN'T WORK STUFF IN ON THE GLORY, I'LL HAVE TO DECLINE!
POLICE STATION


ANOTHER DAY, AT THE MUSEUM OF EGYPTOLOGY
JUST THINK, STUFF--YOUR NAME WILL BE KNOWN AS LONG AS THAT SIGN LASTS!
YEAH! BUT I WAS THINKIN', HOW CLOSE IT CAME TO GETTIN' CHISELED ON A TOMBSTONE THAT WOULD LAST EVEN LONGER!
VIGILANTE AND STUFF COLLECTION
THE END

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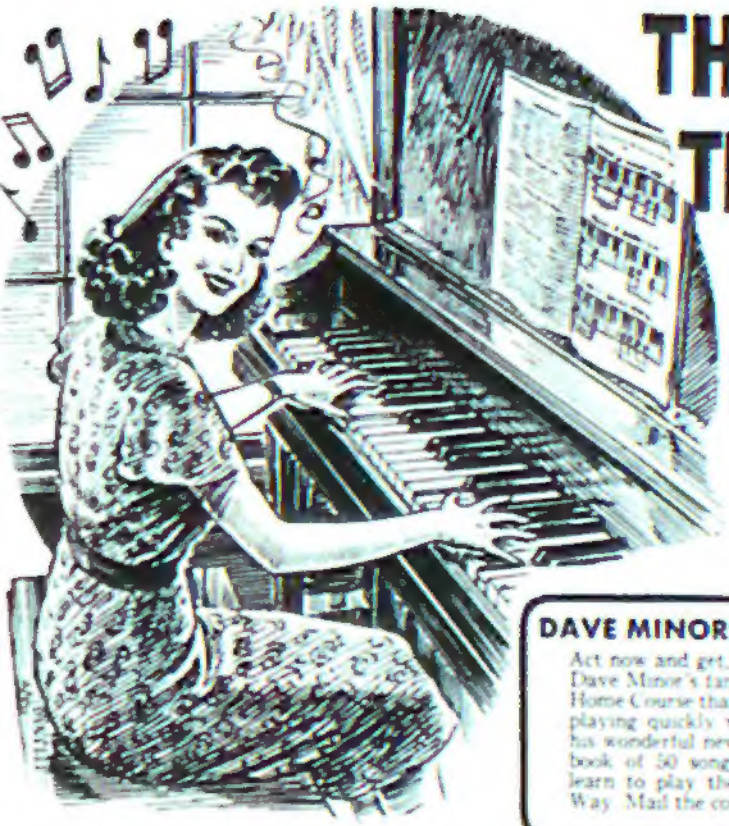
A GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE SWAYS VIOLENTLY IN THE HIGH WIND. SUDDENLY...
CRACK
THE CABLES SNAP, ONE BY ONE--THE BRIDGE SAGS WILDLY!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE BRIDGE IS FALLING!
THOM McAN TO THE RESCUE!
WOW! IN ANOTHER THREE SECONDS EVERY CAR ON THE BRIDGE WILL BE DUMPED INTO THE RIVER! QUICK, "H," MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!
BAZOO-OOKA! I'LL HOLD THE BRIDGE UNTIL EVERYBODY IS SAFELY OFF!
WHEN ALL ARE SAFE, THOM LETS GO AND ZOOMS BACK TO SHORE...
THERE SHE GOES!
BOY, WHAT A SIGHT!
LISTEN, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO SEE SOMETHING, YOU SHOULD SEE THE NEW KIDS' SHOES IN THE THOM McAN WINDOW!
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! BUT FIRST LET'S CRAWL DOWN THE WRECKAGE TO THE WATER.
SHUCKS, IN THESE OLD SHOES I'M WEARING, I'M AFRAID I'LL SLIP AND FALL!
NEXT TIME WEAR THOM McANS, MIKE!
TOO BAD MIKE CAN'T BE HERE.
FELLOWS WHO DON'T WEAR THOM McANS MISS A LOT OF FUN!
BACK ON MAIN STREET...
LOOK, MIKE, THERE'S THE STYLE OF THOM McAN SHOES YOU WANT. ALL THE FELLOWS ARE WEARING IT NOW.
BOY, THAT'S FOR ME! I'M GOING TO HAVE DAD GET THEM FOR ME TOMORROW!
WHY DOES 'H' NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN"--ALWAYS SILENT! ("THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!")
Thom McAn
OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES

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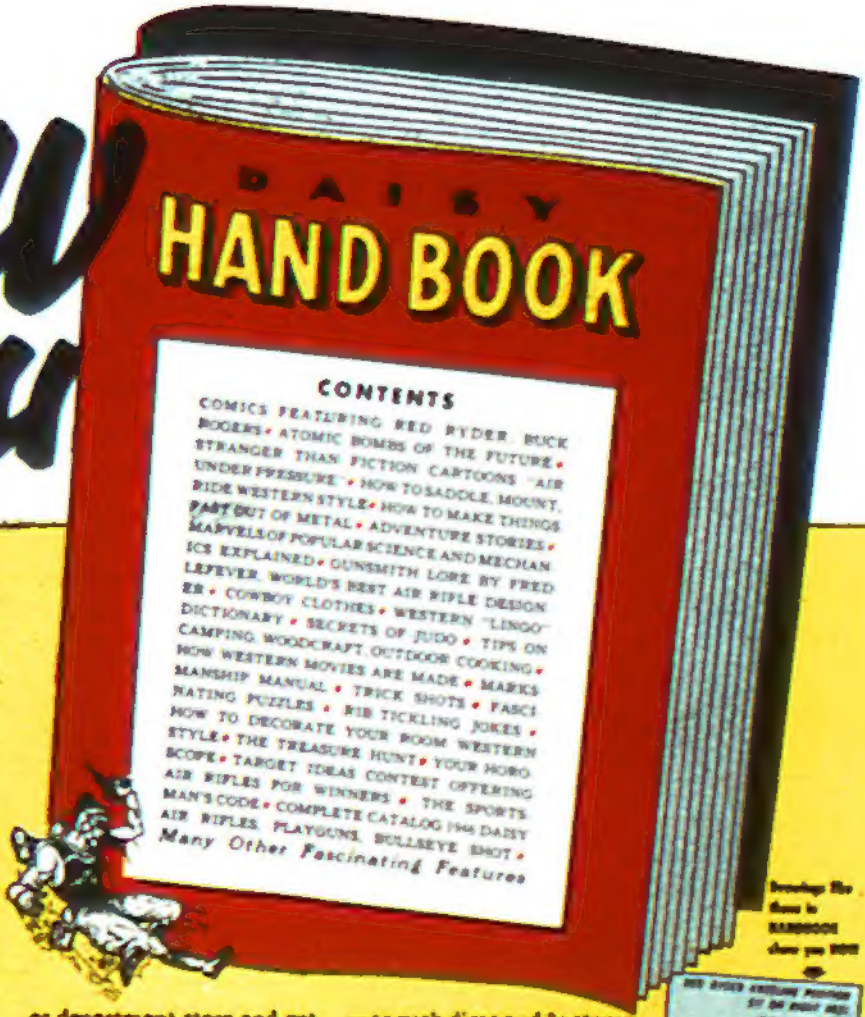
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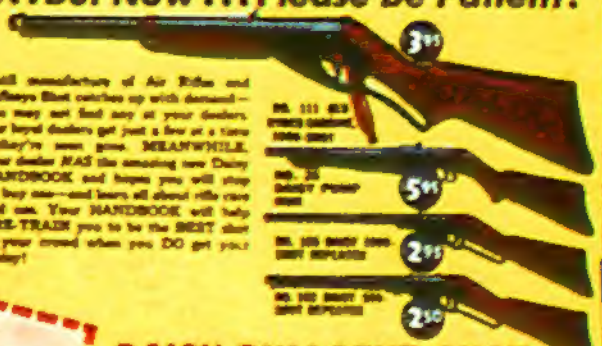

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